McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1911 NO. 44

JOE ZAFFINO KILLS P. MARINO AT CLERMONT.

The Shooting Took Place on the Street Tuesday.

THE MURDERER MAKES HIS ESCAPE

Police of All Nearby Towns Are on the Lookout for Him—Description Given of Murderer—Inquest is Being Held To-day.

Clermont had another Italian shooting affray Tuesday night which resulted in the death of Peter Marino He was shot in the abdomen by Joe Zaffino, and died in a short time Zaffino made his escape and Detective Jones is putting forth his best efforts to capture him.

The men had been together early in the evening and were crossing the main street of the town at about 10 o'clock when an argument arose. There was nobody in the immediate vicinity at that time and the first inkling of trouble came when Zaffino fired the fatal shot. Marino staggered to the sidewalk and fell, and his assailant fled.

The wounded man was given all the care possible and District Attorney Mayo and County Detective Jones were at once notified About 12.30 that night, Marino died from his injuries.

District Attorney Guy B Mayo, Detective F. W. Jones Dr W. A. Ostrander, and L K Hogarth of this place and Coroner E R Sherman of Bradford went to Clermont Wednesday morning Dr Ostrander performed an autopsy and the others commenced picking up threads of evidence The other Italians of that vicinity are somewhat slow about telling what they know. Detective Jones traced the murderer as far as Instanter, where he lost track of him However, all adjoining towns have been notified to be on the lookout for him and have been given this description of him. He is about 30 years old, short of stature, and dark complexioned He has a black mustache and wears black clothing and a cap.

Coroner Sherman empanelled a jury and started the inquest this morning. A verdict will probably be rendered late this afternoon

GOOD DETECTIVE WORK.

Was E. W. Jones' Capture of Evan Shirey Who Robbed Kushequa Postoffice.

Evan Shirey is the man whom Detective Jones captured last Wednesday night on the charge of robbing the postoffice and store at Kushequa last week, mention of which was made in our last issue The capture was made at the home of his father near Brookville, Jefferson county, and he was taken to Mt Jewett where he was given a hearing before Justice Lundberg Shirey pleaded guilty at the hearing and was brought to the county jail that evening

When the store was robbed, among the articles taken were a number of woolen shirts, an Ingersall watch and from the postoffice a quantity of postage stamps. When, arrested Shirey had in his possession the Ingersoll watch from the Kushequa store and in his coat pockets were a number of postage stamps

After securing the prisoner, Detective Jones at Brookville secured a search warrant and went to the home of Shirey at Knoxville and found some of the stolen woolen shirts and a large supply of stamps. The detective learned that the prisoner has a brother in the Brookville jail whom Shirey went to see last Monday and to whom two of the woolen shirts were presented. Detective Jones recovered these garments.

Shirey was employed at the Kushequa brick works and boarded at the home of a Mrs. Ogden. On Monday he paid his board bill Included in the cash was a one dollar bill upon which there were blood stains When Mrs. Ogden went to the store to pay her grocery bill the blood stained $1 note was noticed She gave the first clew to the robbery, when she said that she had been given the cash by Shirey for board. With these facts to start with, Detective Jones deduced that whosoever had done the job at Kushequa had cut his finger as there was blood about the store and postoffice. It was learned that the robber left on the midnight B. R. & P. train and from the train crew he was followed to Falls Creek thence to Fuller, a small place, where he got off the train The rest was easy.

Shirey, it was reported to the detective, had done similar jobs before and when his father's house was searched there was much plunder, including revolvers, shotguns, etc.

Postoffice Inspector Johnson was in Smethport last Thursday night to learn the facts and the prisoner will probably be taken to Pittsburg at some future date for trial in the federal court

County Detective Jones, by his clever work will receive a reward which is not less than $50 nor more than $200.

ROCKEFELLER-BECKWITH.

Pretty Home Wedding Solemnized Yesterday at Noon.

Wednesday, Nov 1, 1911, at high noon, occurred the marriage of Miss Rebecca C. Beckwith of Farmers Valley and Mr. George A. Rockefeller of Sharon Center, in the presence of the immediate family of the contracting parties, at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. Gardner of Shinglehouse officiating

The house was beautifully decorated, the ceremony being performed in front of a large bank of ferns. The bride wore a beautiful gown of chiffon and carried a bouquet of chrysanthemums, while the groom wore conventional black. After the ceremony was performed an excellent wedding dinner was served The table was beautifully decorated with carnations and ferns and was set for 10 Many beautiful and useful presents were received

The happy young couple left on the four-o'clock Pennsylvania train amid showers of rice and old shoes, for Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Rochester, after which they will make their home in Sharon Center.

The bride is the charming daughter of Mr and Mrs. Welsey Beckwith of Farmers Valley, and has visited this place many times, and by her charming manner and sweet ways has made a host of firm friends who wish her much joy The groom is a fine young man of Sharon Center, Potter county, and is looked up to as one of the leading young men of that section, and here he has made many friends by his quiet manner and genial disposition.

The Miner unites with their hosts of friends in wishing them a long and happy live of wedded bliss.

DEATH OF MRS. TANNER.

She Passed Away at Home Near Farmers Valley on Monday.

Mrs Bernard Tanner died at her home near Farmers Valley Monday night, October 30, 1911 She was aged 72 years

Mrs Tanner was born in Germany and came to this country when a young woman Upwards of forty years ago she and her husband settled on the farm where she died. Mr. and Mrs Tanner have always been good, honest substantial citizens who by strict honesty coupled with a kindly disposition, have won many firm friends among their neighbors and her death will be keenly mourned by all who knew her

She is survived by her husband, three sons, E. C. Tanner, of Bradford, E. R. Tanner of Eldred, and August Tanner of Farmers Valley, and one daughter, Mrs F. C. Ogilvie of St. Marys, Pa

The funeral services were held at remains were laid at rest in the Farmher late home this morning and hers Valley cemetery

LADY PAINFULLY BURNED.

Mrs. James A. McKean in Gas Explosion Last Thursday.

Mrs McKean, wife of Hon James A McKean, was painfully burned about the face and arms last Thursday afternoon. She was at the home of her son, S W. Hubbard, on King street, and was assisting her granddaughter with some baking when the accident happened. She turned on the gas under the over, thinking it was lighted, and was in the act of putting in a tin of cookies when an explosion occurred.

Her arms were quite badly burned, and her face blistered in several places Dr. Clark was hastily summoned and rendered medical aid. He said that the burns while painful were not serious an that no serious results were anticipated She was taken to her home of Main street and we are pleased to state that now she is almost fully recovered from her unfortunate experience.

AUSTIN RELIEF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Coudersport, Pa., Oct 31, 1911

Received of Rev J. F. Dugan, Chairman, Smethport, Pa., $470.25 for Austin Relief Finance.

Many thanks

G P DONEHOO, Sec'y.

R E Burdick, of the executive committee of the Austin Relief Association, has received the following subscriptions

Ormsby, Pa.,—Chas. J. Parsons, Collector.

F R Warner	$ .50
W. H Brown	1.00
C. A Reed	.50
A Sampson	.50
F E. Barton	.50
C. S Olmsted	1.00
Doc. Evans	.50
Abram Oliver	.50
S. F Murphy	1.50
L Lawson	.50
G A Shannon	1.00
Aug Anderson	.50
A. E. Johnson	1.00
C. J Parsons	5.00
Total	$14.50

Colegrove, Crosby, Etc.,—A. G. McAllister, Collector.

A. G McAllister	$1.00
Jay McGee	1 00
M. F. Scanlon	1 00
G W. Barbour	1.00
C. B Peterson	1.00
R W. Erhart	1.00
Wm. McLaughlin	1 00
C M Benson	1 00
Albin Anderson	.50
C A Anderson	3 00
C S Bannister	1 00
N. O Emig	1 00
C. A Peck	1 00
L. E. Scanlon	.50
Cash	1 00
H H Burdick	1.00
R. N Wilson	1.00
N W Helnemann	5.00
F S. Benson	1 00
Seth McGee	1 00
M. L. Bartlett	1.00
C. W Burdick	1.00
Frank Stranburg	1 00
N. C Gallup	2 00
J. B. Oviatt	1 00
C. W McAdams	1.00
E F Manwaring	1.00
E D. Pixley	1.00
S L. Winslow	1.00
Sam Hendrickson	1 00
J. H. Bloomster	1 00
A C. Timmerman	1.00
E S. Kraft	1.00
Total	$39.00

AUTOMOBILE TURNS TURTLE.

Accident Happened on Rixford Hill Last Thursday.

In an automobile accident at the foot of Rixford hill at 11 o'clock Thursday morning, C. B. Sage, of this city was seriously injured when the car he was driving went over an embankment and turned turtle. J. H. Fredericks, also of Bradford, superintendent of the South Penn Oil company, and W E Wilson of Simpson, field foreman for the same company, were also occupants of the machine. Mr. Fredericks was sitting in the rumble of the car and jumped in time to avoid injury. Mr. Wilson sustained slight bruises on one knee.

Mr. Sage, who was at the wheel, was unable to save himself and went down with the big car and was pinned beneath it. When released from his perilous position, he was dazed and had an ugly scalp wound

Mr. Sage was assisted to the home of W. D. Archer, nearby, where he was given surgical attention by Drs. Hogan and Glenn of this city and Dr. Moyer of Rixford. Several stitches were necessary to close up the scalp wound.

The three men were in the large Oldemobile recently sold to Mr. Sage to H. H Hall. The accident occurred when Mr. Sage undertook to steer the car over a rough place in the narrow highway. The condition of the road made this impossible and the car rolled down the embankment.—Bradford Era.

Mr. Wilson has charge of the South Penn Company's holdings west of the County Home and spends a good deal of his time here where he has many friends who were pleased to learn of his fortunate escape.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Moving pictures of the Austin flood at the Star theatorium this evening.

TEACHER'S INSTITUTE IN SESSION.

Good Instructors at All The Day Sessions.

SPLENDID EVENING ATTRACTIONS

The Institute, Which is Largely Attended, is a Success in Every Way Prof. Stanley Bright Elected President and Miss Carrie A. Day Secretary-Treasurer.

The teachers of McKean county, exclusive of Bradford city, met in their forty-fifth annual Institute at Smethport on Monday, Oct. 30th

The enrollment of teachers began at the court house at ten o'clock, and the committee was kept busy receiving the names and enrollment fee of the teachers until the opening session at one p. m. The enrollment is large, practically every teacher in the county who is not sick, being present.

Monday Afternoon.

The Institute was called to order by County Supt. Lillibridge at 1:30 this afternoon

Devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Dr. J. W. McGavern of the Smethport M. E. church. Led by Dr. Yoder, the teachers sang first "Holy, Holy, Holy," which was followed by "America"

The following is a list of the instructors whom Supt Lillibridge has provided to furnish instruction and entertainment for the teachers for the week.

Dr Chas. Calvert Ellis of Juniata College, Huntington, Pa

Dr F B Pearson, State High School Inspector, of Columbus, O

Miss Cora Mel Patten, principal of Marden School of Elocution and Music, Chicago.

Prof J. W. Yoder, Institute of Music, Huntington, Pa

Monday evening—Lecture, "Being a Boy," Dr. C. C. Ellis.

Tuesday evening—Recital, "Every Woman," by Cora Mel Patten

Wednesday evening—Concert, Dudley Buck Company.

Thursday evening—Concert, Hruby Brothers' Quintet.

The first instructor introduced was Dr. Pearson, State High School Inspector of Ohio, who spoke on "Some School Fundamentals." His address was listened to with interest. His central thought was the Divinity in man It is the spark of Divinity in us that differentiates between man and the brute creation. This furnishes the basis, the starting point, for all education—without that spark of Divinity all the work of our schools and churches is in vain The great problem is to find the external stimuli which will draw out and develop the best and noblest that is in us. Education is the process of fitting people for emergencies.

After recess Supt. Lillibridge introduced Miss Cora Mel Patten who gave her first address on "The Art of Story Telling."

Miss Patten captured the interest and sympathy of the teachers at once and they listened with pleasure to her discussion. She said in part: The things most worth while are the things of the spirit. Perhaps the oldest passion is the love of stories. This Divinely implanted love is what gives the story its value in educational work. The story will command attention. It begets unconsciousness, and when the child forgets self he begins to live in the realm of spirit

The child is introduced to the world of stories at the mother's knee. He hears stories next perhaps in the Sunday school, and this is followed by the stories in the school, in the public or private libraries, in all of life Our preparation for the appreciation of the world's best literature begins with the simplest stories. Our first ideals of right and wrong are found in our fairy stories Teach the old Grimm and Anderson fairy tales. They furnish the basis for the most advanced standard of literary excellence. Fairy stories may be taught up to the fourth grade. Next in order come the folk tales, fables, funny stories, nature stories, myths, stories of music, painting and sculpture or other arts, and stories based on history. The greatest thing in the story is not in the telling, but in what effect it produces in the heart of the child. The teller can never make others believe, or feel, or know what he himself does not believe, or feel, or know.

Monday Evening.

A very large audience assembled in The Lyceum on Monday evening to hear Dr. C. C Ellis give his lecture on "Being a Boy"

Before the lecturer was introduced, Supt. Lillibridge sprung a pleasing surprise on the audience by introducing Miss Irma Wells of Smethport, who recited "A Few Bars in the Key of G," in a manner that evoked the highest praise of the audience. Miss Wells has recited for the teachers on formed occasions and she never fails to win the appreciation of her audience

(Continued on Page 8.)

OUR SWEDISH-AMERICANS.

The League Adopts Resolutions to Vote the Straight Republican Ticket.

At a meeting of the Swedish American Republican League of McKean county held Friday at Mt Jewett the following resolutions were adopted

Mt. Jewett, Pa., Oct. 27, 1911.

Whereas, We, the representatives of the Swedish-American Republican League of McKean county, Pa., as executive committee in session here assembled, desire to express our high estimate and approval of our national and state Republican administrations; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we urge our members to stand solidly for the principles and candidates of the Republican party, and now at the closing of this campaign for the various county officers, we most earnestly solicit every member to support the regular Republican nominees, and further

Resolved, That in view of the fact that the national campaign is fast approaching, we deprecate any attempt to divide or destroy the Republican party, and that we hereby declare our determination to patriotically serve our county and country by assisting to elect all the Republican candidates, knowing them to be fully competent to properly discharge their diverse official duties.

OSCAR ENGSTROM,
A. W. PETERSON,
CARL ENGSTROM,
Committee.

Attest
ALBERT PETERSON, Pres
CARL ENGSTROM, Sec'y.

MARY HAYS DEAD.

Girl Who Shot Herself in the Head Never Regained Consciousness.

Mary L. Hays, the 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays, of 220 West Washington street, who shot herself last Monday, died at 4:40 o'clock yesterday afternoon She had been unconscious from the time of the shooting and was unable to tell anything of the way in which she had received the wound that caused her death, says last night's Bradford Star-Record.

Coroner Sherman made an investigation this morning and concluded that the girl had committed suicide, although he could find no reason for such an act He concluded, however, that the shooting was not accidental. Unless the coroner receives additional information he will not hold an inquest

Mary Hays was a student of the Bennett Brook school and a girl who was quite generally admired. She possessed a cheerful disposition and never appeared to be a person who would contemplate self destructoin. She is survived by her parents, one brother, Charles Hays, of this city, and one sister, Mrs Fred O. Sterry, of Sharon, Ohio.

FANNIE LENTZ MISSING.

Has Disappeared From Home In Kane —Friends Worry About Her.

Fannie Lentz disappeared from her home in Kane at about 5.30 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon, and her friends are much worried about her. She is the daughter of Joseph Lentz, of No. 310 Pennsylvania avenue, Kane She is 24 years of age; five feet, four inches in height; weight 125 pounds; dark hair; wore a black skirt, white shirt waist; blue necktie and no hat when she disappeared. She was married to a man named Reynolds and after two years, the couple separated

Anyone knowing anything about the present whereabouts of the missing woman, will confer a favor by notifying the Bradford police.

Later reports from Kane are that no trace of Fannie Lenty has been found Her parents, Mr and Mrs. Joseph Lentz, suspect foul play. Kane creek, near the girl's home, is being dragged

Austin flood moving pictures at the Star theatorium to-night.

ATHLETICS WIN WORLD'S SERIES

Defeated New York Giants in Decisive Game Last Thursday.

The Philadelphia Athletics of the American League are now the undisputed world's champions of baseball. They won that title last Thursday afternoon when they defeated the New York Giants of the National League by a score of 13 to 2, this making the necessary four victories out of the six games played

Big Chief Bender pitched for the Athletics and held the Giants down to four hits, while Leon Ames, George Wiltse and Rube Marquard for the Giants were hammered for thirteen hits during the slaughter

For the entire series the total paid admission was 179,951; the gross receipts $342,463 50; the players' share, $127,910 61; the share of the Athletics, 60 per cent. of this, was $76,746 37; each member of the Athletics, 21 in all, received $3,654 59. The Giants' share was $51,164 24; each Giant, 21 in all, received $2,436.39. Each club owner's share was $90,150.75, and the national commission's rake-off was $34,235.40.

The tabulated score follows:

Fifth Game.

NEW YORK.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Devore, l	4	0	0	5	0	0
Doyle, 2	4	1	1	1	4	0
Snodgrass, m	4	0	1	0	0	0
Murray, r	3	0	0	2	0	1
Merkle, 1	4	0	0	9	0	1
Herzog, 3	4	1	1	0	5	0
Fletcher, ss	4	0	1	2	3	0
Meyers, c	3	0	1	6	1	0
Wilson, c	1	0	0	1	0	0
Ames, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
Wiltse, p	0	0	0	0	1	0
Marquard, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	2	6	27	15	2

PHILADELPHIA	AB	R	H	PO.	A	E.
Lord, l	5	1	3	1	0	0
Oldring, m	5	1	1	3	0	1
Collins, r	4	1	0	2	4	0
Baker, 1	4	1	1	9	1	0
Murphy, r	5	1	1	1	0	0
Davis, 3	5	0	1	0	1	0
Maisel, ss	0	0	0	0	0	0
Barry, ss	4	0	1	2	1	0
Lapp, c	4	1	1	1	1	0
Bender, p	4	0	0	1	4	0
Totals	40	6	10	27	13	1

New York	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	—2
Philadelphia	0	0	1	4	0	1	7	0	*1	—13

*Batted for Ames in fifth

Hits—off Ames 6 in 4 innings, off Wiltse, 7 in 2⅓ innings, off Marquard 3 in 2⅔ innings, off Bender 4 in 9 innings. Two base hits—Doyle 1, Lord 1, Murphy. Three base hits—Lord. Passed balls—New York 1. Philadelphia 2. Bases on balls—off Ames, 1; off Bender 2. Struck out—by Ames 4; by Wiltse 1, by Marquard 3, by Bender, 5. Sacrifice hit—Barry. Wild pitches—Marquard, 1; Bender 1. Time—2.05. Umpires—Connolly behind the bat; Brennan (on bases); Klem (left foul line); Dineen (right foul line). Attendance 27,000.

"WIDOW WINNIE WYNNE."

Musical Comedy at the Smethport Lyceum Next Tuesday Evening.

The Lyceum next Tuesday, Nov. 7, will offer the Irving Moore Musical Comedy company in what is said to be one of the funniest and most musical farces that has ever played this city.

The Moore organization is a unique one as it is the only musical farce comedy company playing at real popular prices The principals are all clever farceurs and the chorus is composed of sprightly young misses who sing and dance well in the many musical numbers. Their satire on "Bequeathed Husbands" "The Merry Winnie Wynne" played by this organization is one long laughing hit, and the situations are funny, the dialogue is bright and thoroughly up to date and one of the strongest points in its favor is the complete absence in scene or dialogue of anything objectionable or offensive to the most critical.

The story, which is never permitted to interfere with the fast fun, concerns the day's doings of a young widow who is compelled by a clause in her late husband's will to wed again or forfeit a vast amount of money, the action of the play takes place from three to six p m of one day, that day being the last day afforded her to carry out the requirements of the will, then to add to the general merriment there is one Lew Nesell, a harmless lunatic, who drops in for a few days quiet and rest, a German landlord, and many other comedy creatures who help the story along and incidentally do a little for good measure in the way of a bright bit of vaudeville Smethport theatre goers will no doubt find a vast amount of amusement at the Lyceum on the date mentioned above and should secure seats well in advance

For Sale.

Several used automobiles, at your own price Write for particulars.

J. R. CURRY,
Nov 2-3t Ridgway, Pa.

Store and Flat for Sale.

My Store and large flat on Mechanic street, possession given on a week's notice. For particulars inquire of or address,

tf. MRS. M. L. ARMSTRONG.

Their Representative

A Story for Labor Day Showing a New Way of Ending a Strike

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"I'm sorry, miss, to have to tell you that I'm going to leave you."

A girl of twenty, whose red and white complexion bespoke Irish blood, stood before her mistress, fingering her apron with evident embarrassment.

"Why, Maggie, what have I done?"

"Nothing, miss."

"Then why are you going to leave me?"

"Well, miss—the truth is—why, miss—I'm going to be married."

"Oh, I see. Who are you going to marry, Maggie?"

"Jim Doolan, that works in the Ainsworth factory."

"The Ainsworth factory?"

"Yes, miss."

Margaret Etheridge, the girl's mistress, was interested in the Ainsworth company as a stockholder and through its president and manager, Richard Ainsworth.

"I'm sorry to lose you, Maggie," said Miss Etheridge, "but if you are going to be married, you can depend upon me to give you whatever you will need in the way of clothes, household linen and other things, to enable you to set up housekeeping."

"Thank you, miss."

Maggie was married and went to live with her husband in a small suit of rooms. Jim's wages were not very large, but the couple made them do very well till the first child came, when they were obliged to take a backward step financially by incurring a considerable bill for medical attendance. Then Jim was taken sick, and that increased the indebtedness.

Meanwhile Richard Ainsworth had been pressing an unsuccessful suit with Miss Etheridge. He had greatly increased the output of the Ainsworth company since he took the management, and to the book value of the stock 50 per cent had been added. Indeed, Richard Ainsworth had come to be considered one of the smartest young business men in the state. But there were differences between him and Margaret Etheridge that prevented her from accepting him. Those business qualifications for which the world applauded him did not appeal to her. She did not understand the methods by which that silent partner, capital, was made to absorb the lion's share of the profits of a business. She saw the operatives—men, women and children—going to the works early in the morning and, having worked hard all day, return in the evening to their shabby homes to repeat the process day after day. The were working to pay dividends on her stock, while she, who did nothing, lived in affluence. It seemed to her that there was something wrong. She appealed to Richard Ainsworth for an explanation, but his explanations were not satisfactory. His reasons convinced her, but her heart, her sense of justice, were unmoved by them.

"Why can't you pay your operatives enough to enable them to live more comfortably?" she asked Mr. Ainsworth.

"Because of competition."

"Explain."

"Other concerns would be able to undersell and we would be forced out of business."

"Why not appropriate a portion of the dividends, which are enormous, to the operatives?"

"Because of several reasons, the most pertinent of which is that the stockholders would object."

"I am a stockholder. You may cut my dividends in half, giving one half to the operatives."

"You are one among hundreds; the rest, instead of being willing to give up their profits, are howling for more. My dear Margaret, you don't understand such things."

"Does anybody understand them?"

"Yes, one—Providence."

One day Maggie Doolan sent a pitiful message to Margaret, scrawled in pencil on a bit of paper, saying that she was ill, her husband was away at his work all day, the children had no one to take care of them, and Jim's wages were pledged for debts. Besides this, there was nothing to eat in the house. Margaret immediately sallied forth with a well filled purse and, stopping at the provision shops by the way, carried comfort to the distressed. As she was coming away, Jim came in with a rueful countenance and, throwing himself into a chair, dropped his head in his arms on a table.

"What is it, Jim?" asked his wife in a frightened tone.

"The strike is on," was the mournful reply.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Maggie in dismay.

"What are the hands striking for?" asked Margaret Etheridge.

"Ten per cent advance all around."

"And do you mean that you will have no income whatever till the matter is settled?"

"I do."

"How much do you earn?"

"Twenty-one dollars a week."

"Very well. Every weekly pay day I will send you a check for that amount."

Margaret left, leaving a relieved and thankful household behind her.

The strike proved to be a prolonged one. One evening while it was in progress Richard Ainsworth and Margaret Etheridge were sitting in her home discussing the matter.

"Why do you not give the men what they demand?" she asked.

"For a number of reasons—first, if I do within six months they will make another demand, and so on until we pay them so much that we can't manufacture at a profit. This will drive us out of business and them out of employment."

"Why can't a compromise be effected?"

"The question is a difficult one to answer. If these men were represented by one of their own number a compromise might be effected. But they are represented by one or more persons whose interest I don't consider their interest. The questions between the laborer and the capitalist are those constantly arising between partners in business. Whenever the interests of persons and peoples are intertwined there can only be loss to both in a want of harmony. When the capitalist is unjust to the laborer he in the long run injures his business. When the laborer is excessive in his demands upon the capitalist he injures the business in which he is a partner."

Ainsworth had scarcely spoken the last word when there was evidence of a commotion without. Some one cried:

"Hurrah for the strike sympathizer!"

Ainsworth and Margaret looked at each other wonderingly.

"Where's the leddy? Come out!"

There was a ring at the door bell. Margaret chose to answer the summons herself. A workman stood at the door, who, pulling respectfully the rim of his tattered hat, said to her:

"There's a lot of us here, miss, that hearin' ye have contributed to the strikers' fund by paying Jim Doolan's family his weekly wages, have come to thank ye. Would ye mind showin' yourself on the porch?"

Margaret went out and saw a crowd of upturned faces, lighted only by a street lamp.

"Three cheers for the leddy strike sympathizer!" cried the man who had brought her out.

The cheers were given with a will, and when quiet was restored Margaret said:

"I can't say exactly that I am a strike sympathizer, but I can say that I am a sympathizer with you and your families. I am a stockholder in the Ainsworth company, and if by throwing off all my dividends except what I need to keep body and soul together I could end this strike I would do so."

"Good for you!" "Let the other stockholders do the same!" "For God's sake, end it!"

"How would you like to make me your representative to confer in your name with the management of the Ainsworth company with a view to a compromise?"

"Bully!" "Go ahead!" "Do't!"

Margaret's introducer held up his hand for silence and said:

"All in favor of Miss Etheridge representing us say aye."

There was a wild shout of ayes. No noes were called for or given.

"Very well," said Margaret. "Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock I will be ready to receive a committee of men who are workers, men who have been supporting their families by their labor in the works of the Ainsworth company. Don't send any one else. If you do I shall decline to act for you."

She withdrew, followed by wild shouts from laborers delighted with the novel plan of endeavoring to secure their demands through a stockholder and a woman. In ten minutes more the neighborhood was deserted.

The next morning Richard Ainsworth was at Margaret's home some time before the appearance of the committee and was shown into a room by himself, ready to decide upon any proposition that might be made. When the committee arrived they were placed in the drawing room. Margaret entered and said:

"Make your demand."

"Our only demand," replied the spokesman, "is for 10 per cent advance."

"If the raise is granted, how long before a demand will be made for another raise?"

The committee conferred and finally agreed to pledge themselves that no new demand should be made within two years.

"How is the management of the company to be assured that you will keep this pledge?"

After another consultation the spokesman said, "Every operative will sign a written pledge to you, and you can give your word to the management."

"Very well. Wait here."

Withdrawing, Margaret went into the room occupied by the manager and made him the proposition.

Now Richard Ainsworth had a shrewd head in more ways than one. He could see an opportunity when it presented itself, and he saw one now.

"Margaret," he said, "the terms are accepted on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you make an additional pledge."

"What pledge?"

"To become my wife."

Margaret was not ready to give a definite answer. She tried to satisfy him with an evasion. All to no purpose. He stood firm as a rock. Either the stipulation must be introduced into the agreement or the strike must go on. Finally she put out her hand and turned away her face. Ainsworth took the hand and sealed the contract with a kiss.

That night there was a demonstration about Margaret Etheridge's home, and nothing would satisfy the demonstration except carrying their representatives in a chair on their shoulders around the factory and home again.

BROUGHT HIS TOOTHBRUSH.

Saint-Saens, the Composer, Didn't Shock Parisian Society.

The Cri de Paris told the following story of Saint-Saens, the composer: A rare visitor to Paris, he is on his visits much sought after as a social lion. One lady succeeded in persuading him to accept an invitation to dinner, promising to send to fetch him and also to deposit him at his door when he left, his only stipulation being that he should be allowed to make his adieus at 10 o'clock.

The son of his hostess was dispatched in good time and found M. Saint-Saens in a velvet coat seated before his piano. He rose at once, however, and asked for ten minutes to dress, at the end of which he appeared, tying his white cravat. As he was shutting his door behind him he ejaculated:

"Good gracious! One minute more! I have forgotten my toothbrush."

The young man, to his amazement, saw his guest dive into his dressing room and reappear with a toothbrush, which he put away in his breast pocket. On arriving home he told his mother, who in some uneasiness informed her friends, and everybody was in wonderment as to what the great composer was going to do with his toothbrush.

Every eye was fixed on him throughout the dinner, watching him as he ate and drank and used his finger glass. In the drawing room Saint-Saens talked with the ladies and played one piece that was asked of him till 10 o'clock struck, when he bade farewell politely to the company.

The journey home was without incident, and when they reached his house M. Saint-Saens simply offered to shake hands and say good night. Curiosity was too strong, though, for the youth who said:

"Excuse me, maitre, but I should so much like to know why you so particularly wanted to take your tooth brush with you."

"Oh, my young friend," replied Saint Saens, "it is very simple! My lock is very stiff, and I always hurt my fingers in turning the key. So I now pass the handle of my toothbrush in the ring of the key and turn it easily. Voila!"

THOROUGHLY WARMED.

An Old Time Schoolboy's Experience on a Bitterly Cold Day.

An old time gentleman of Newburyport, describing his school days in the opening years of the nineteenth century, has this to say of a wintry day:

"We found our inkstands all frozen up. These required to be thawed out. To do this there was a board, held up by bricks over the stove on which the pewter inkstands were placed, but before the copy was written down the ink would be again frozen. Then the boy took his ink to the stove again and while it was thawing laid in a store of calorie for himself, standing by the stove, watching closely that the pewter should not melt.

"The clothes of the boys were made of corduroy, jacket and trousers in one, and nothing under but a shirt. These absorbed the heat like sheet iron, so that when a boy returned to his seat he was often compelled to carry his inkstand in his mouth, employing both hands to hold his trousers off from his knees, and with every precaution the skin was often mottled and scorched."

Another old time schoolboy in his later years recalled an even severer experience.

"I can remember," he recorded, "how, crowding close to the stove to toast the shivers from my poor little body, I scorched a hole in my trousers in front and exclaimed aloud at the disaster, whereupon the master thrashed a hole into them behind, and when I went home to my mother she told me grimly it was well that things should match and that as my shirt was such an old one she was willing to risk fraying it on the back, and she reached for a strap and did!

"I was thoroughly warmed, and it was the coldest day of the year, but I regretted my shivers after all."—Youth's Companion.

Helpful Son-in-law.

"So you asked my wife for our daughter's hand, did you?" said the stern father.

"I did, and she began to give me a piece of her mind about my persumption, and I"—

"And you beat a retreat and came to see me. Well, sir"—

"Oh, no! I didn't retreat. I argued it out with her, and before I left she had given me her consent. So I"—

"You did? Bully for you! You can have the girl, and you can live right here with us. I want to study your system of defying my wife for a year or so anyway."—Woman's World.

Little Pitcher.

Lady Visitor—I am coming to your mamma's company tomorrow, Tommy. Tommy—Well, you won't get a good supper. Tommy's Papa—Tommy, what do you mean, talking like that? Tommy—Well, you know, pa, you told ma you'd have to get some chicken feed for her old hen party tomorrow.—Baltimore American.

The Widow.

"I noticed as I came in," said the caller to her dear friend the widow, "that you have made a change in your servants. You have a white butler now."

"Yes," sighed the widow, "a white butler, but a negro cook. I go into half mourning this season."—Harper's.

Inherited It.

"What a matchmaker that woman is, to be sure!"

"Yes, but she comes by it honestly. I understand her father was a promoter."—Detroit Free Press.

PLUCKY PITCHING.

Vedder Sitton's Feat That Landed a Championship Pennant.

In the greatest finish that ever marked a minor league race New Orleans and Nashville, Southern league contenders, had come to the wire neck and neck. On Sept. 19, 1908, they met in the final and decisive game of the year upon exactly even terms. The entire fighting of the past five months had centered in that lone contest, five months packed into two hours of play, with the result to tell the story of the year's success or failure. Manager Frank of New Orleans, unwilling to run any needless risk, selected the veteran Theodore Breitenstein of St. Louis and Cincinnati fame to battle for his people in the box. Manager Bernhard of Nashville, passing by his veterans, selected young Vedder Sitton, an ex-collegian, to face the $10,000 wonder of another day.

For six innings so perfect was the defensive play of both nines that neither team was able to score. In the seventh inning Nashville scored one run, and in the play involved young Sitton slid headforemost into the plate and fell over unconscious from the blow received just above the eyes. With the situation as tightly drawn as it was, disaster looked to be imminent. Bernhard immediately rushed his entire remaining staff back of the clubhouse to be ready for the call, while two physicians worked above the unconscious Sitton. He came to life again just as the Nashville team was taking the field for the eighth inning with another in his place.

Staggering to his feet, Sitton insisted upon finishing the contest, and Bernhard, against his better judgment, gave way. The heavy batting end of the New Orleans team was up in order. With bandaged head, his face still white and drawn from the shock, in no condition to stand, still less to lead a desperate charge, Sitton electrified the crowd by striking out two of the first three men that faced him. In the ninth he added two more victims to the list in bringing home the victory by the score of 1 to 0, winning the pennant by the margin of one point. And then he collapsed. It was over two weeks before he recovered sufficiently to be up and about, and yet New Orleans baseball fans relate that in those last two innings he had shown more "stuff" by a wide margin than at any other stage of the battle.—American Magazine.

First American Letter Box.

A little more than a half century ago the letter box was unknown. The inventor was Joseph William Briggs, nephew of a former governor of Massachusetts, who, as head clerk in the Cleveland postoffice, studied the needs of patrons and after correspondence with Postmaster General Dennison upon the subject took a train for Washington, bearing a pasteboard model of the letter box under his arm. The postmaster general saw the merits of the plan and appointed Mr. Briggs as special agent to establish the letter box and letter carrier system. The first letter box was attached by clamps to a lamppost that stood in front of a Cleveland drug store, and not a year had passed before fifty-two different cities had adopted the system.—National Magazine.

Where Miners Lose Their Nerve.

Men accustomed to working in mines cannot stand great heights. It is almost an invariable rule that a miner will get dizzy and uneasy if you take him to a high place, such as a monument or the top of a house, and will try to get back to earth as soon as possible. And yet he can stand underground on the edge of a 500 foot shaft, look down into the black abyss and never feel a tremor. He can climb up the face of a shaft, knowing that there is a straight drop of a thousand feet under him, and feel perfectly at home.—Popular Magazine.

Scanty Ammunition.

Colonel Stark's regiment just prior to the battle of Bunker Hill was quartered at Milford, some four miles distant, and was destitute of ammunition. About 10 o'clock on the morning he received orders to march, however, each man received a gill cupful of powder, fifteen balls and one flint. As the muskets were of varying caliber it was necessary to reduce the size of the balls for many of them.—Magazine of American History.

About the Size of It.

"Why is it," queried the youth, "that so many people fail to mind their own business?"

"There may be one of two reasons, or both," answered the home grown philosopher. "They may have no mind or no business."—Philadelphia Press.

The Forbidden.

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said:

"I am so sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship."

"Bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."—London Telegraph.

Easier.

"If I buy you a seat in the Stock Exchange will you agree to go to work?"

"I ain't crazy for work, dad. Make it a seat in the senate."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Art Versus Nature.

"How came she to get such a sudden craze on to visit the beauty doctors?"

"She wants to look like her photograph."—Houston Post.

The desires and longings of man are vast as eternity, and they point him to it.—Edwards.

A Drama of The Camorra

Actual Occurrence of Today Told in Story Form

By ARTHUR A. TAYLOR

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Occasionally certain events in which there is what we call romance need only to be put in story form to make them twin brothers to fiction. The following is an example:

Two men, apparently of the lower grade of Italians, sat chatting in a wine shop in Naples. The face and hands of one were begrimed with coal dust, for by the carrying of that fuel he earned his living; the other was not at the time following any especial calling.

"Gennaro," said the coal heaver, "tell me how to proceed to become a member of the Camorra."

"What do you mean by the Camorra?"

"Nonsense. I know that it exists and that you are a member of it."

"Well, Luigi, since you and I are close friends I will admit to you that I am a member of the Camorra. As to your getting into the society, you must prove yourself in full sympathy with its objects, which are to enable

"LUIGI, I AM IN LOVE."

its members to commit crime and evade the law. Why do you wish to join it?"

"That I may live without work. Look at these hands and my face covered with dust. Do you suppose I like such occupation? But what can I do? If I steal a few lira and am caught I go to jail. But suppose I belong to your society. I steal a thousand lira. I am arrested. The police suspect or know that I am a member of the Camorra. He from whom I stole the money knows me and that I stole it. But he learns that if he testifies against me he will incur the displeasure of the society. When he is called upon to identify me he cannot remember that he ever saw me before. He pockets his loss, and I spend his money.

"Suppose I desire to remove some one who stands in my way. If I attempt it alone I suffer death; if supported by your society I am not convicted—I go free.

"By the bye, Gennaro, they say the police have got on to the truth as to the Cuocolo murder."

Gennaro smiled contemptuously. "The police know nothing about that matter. I know everything."

"Well, what do you know?" asked the other indifferently.

"Do you suppose I, who have taken an oath not to reveal the secrets of the Camorra, would tell you, an outsider, what I know about this affair? When you are a member of the society you will know such things for yourself."

"Oh, I care nothing about that matter. What I wish is to be able to live without work. I have a few soldi left. Let us have another liter of wine."

A month later Gennaro Abbatemaggio was arrested for some small theft, and Luigi Bucini went to see him in jail.

"How is it, Gennaro," said the latter, "that you are in jail? Is your society powerless to protect you?"

Gennaro smiled. "Do you suppose the Camorra risks interfering in petty affairs like this? But wait till I am tried. Then you shall see me walk out of court a greatly wronged man."

"Well, you see that I don't forget you, Gennaro. I have brought you some fruit, some bread and a liter of wine. I managed to get my hands on quite a large sum of money recently, and I promise you that I will keep you supplied with comforts as long as it lasts."

"You are a true friend to do that."

"What else can I do for you?"

"There is something I wish you could do for me, but that is impossible."

"What is it?"

"Luigi, I am in love."

"Now, my dear friend, you are showing that you have some affection for me. Tell me all about it. It may be that I can help you. Does she live here in Naples?"

"No; in Capua."

"What is her name?"

"Bianca."

"And what is that you would have me do for you that I cannot do?"

"Enable me to marry."

Luigi was silent for a time, then said:

"I have a surprise for you, Gennaro. I am able to place you in a position to marry your love. You have given me your confidence; I will give you mine. Know, then, my dear Gennaro, that this sum I spoke of getting my hands on is very large, and I covered my tracks so well that I am not even suspected. But I am placing myself in your hands by telling you of it. You can denounce me to the police and I shall spend my time in jail instead of my money in ease and comfort."

"Go on," said Gennaro impatiently.

"Very well. As soon as you get out of here I will divide my good luck with you. I will enable you to marry this Capuan girl you love so well."

"Ah, my dear Luigi, what a man you are," said Gennaro, grasping his friend's hand, "and how much I shall owe you! Neither Bianca nor I have a soldi to marry on, but if you can lend me enough to set up a shop I will live a life like other people and not feel in constant dread. This will make the girl I love as well as me happy."

"I will lend you what you need for a shop and enough to start you in housekeeping. Goodby. I hope soon to see you happy and comfortable."

The next time these two men met Gennaro was out of jail and they were sitting in the wine shop where they first conversed. Luigi was speaking.

"I have the money ready for you, my friend, to enable you to marry your Bianca."

"And what am I to do in return for this favor?"

"Nothing of any importance. You know I have long wished to become a member of the Camorra. I cannot do that without a leverage. But fortunately you can supply that."

"How?"

"Tell me what you know about the Cuocolo murder."

Gennaro winced. "That is impossible."

"Then I must remain outside the society, and when I am caught defying the law I must spend the best part of my life, as you have lately been spending a few weeks, in prison, or perhaps if I put an enemy out of the way I shall suffer death."

"But I can't understand why a knowledge of this murder is necessary to your attaining an entrance to the Camorra."

"I will tell you. There are men in it who would oppose my admission. With a knowledge of the circumstances connected with this murder the society would not dare to reject me."

"I see. But what you ask for the favor you propose doing me is not the unimportant return you consider it. Suppose you should"—

"Betray you? Do you think so little of my friendship as that?"

"No, no, but I have sworn."

"What is an oath to such men as we? It is fear that holds us, and so long as you have nothing to fear from me what matters it?"

"I will think it over."

Luigi paid for the wine they had been drinking and in doing so pulled out a great roll of bills. Gennaro saw them and fell under the temptation.

"Come with me," he said, "down to the sea wall. We will get a boat, go out into the bay, where we shall not be heard, and I will tell you all."

* * * * * * *

In a small street in Capua preparations are being made for a wedding. The groom is our old friend Gennaro; the bride is his Bianca. Both are better dressed than they have ever been before, and a feast more savory than either has ever partaken of is set before them and their guests. Bianca's father, who would not permit her to marry Gennaro so long as he had no visible means of support, is now going about in a new suit of clothes purchased with money borrowed from Luigi Bucini, with a broad grin on his face. The last of the wedding supplies, a barrel of wine, is being removed from a cart to the house.

And now the wedding party have returned from the church and are sitting around the festal board. Every one is happy, except that the groom keeps looking out of the window expectantly. Luigi has promised to attend the wedding, but has not yet put in an appearance. Presently a man in the uniform of the national police turns into the street where he could be seen by Gennaro, approaches the house in which sat the wedding party, opens the door and walks in.

Had he been a specter he could not have created more consternation. The groom looked at him, and every vestige of color left his face.

"Luigi!" he faltered.

"Do not trouble yourself about this change in my costume," said the sergeant of carabineers. "You and I are under the protection of the government. This wedding outfit and the capital with which you are to open your shop are advanced by his majesty the king. But more of this hereafter. For the present let us proceed with these wedding festivities."

Taking up a glass, he filled it with wine, held it aloft and said:

"To the health of our sovereign and the little bride."

The carabineer from that time passed under his real name, Capezzuti. Acting under the special orders of the king of Italy, he had undertaken to secure evidence in the Cuocolo murder case, with which the government proposed to attempt the breaking up of the celebrated Bella Suggieta Reformata (the Beautiful Reformed society), headed by Enrico Alfano. After the wedding festivities he took Gennaro into a private room, where they conversed for a long while. When they came out the groom was enlisted in the service of the government as a spy.

Probably no detective ever took greater risks during the period he was securing this important evidence than Sergeant Capezzuti.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete.

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA

McKean County's

Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits or interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all indiements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

For FIRST CLASS GROCERIES AND FRUITS Go To Brasted's

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 2, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Next Tuesday is election day.

—The teachers are here in all their beauty and glory.

—Read Wm. Monheimer's advertisement in this issue.

—Read the new advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

—Watch for the date of Cooked Food and Vegetable sale. Lunches will be served by the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church.

—A Parisian fashion expert predicts that men will soon be wearing knee breeches, ruffled-lace shirts, silk stockings, etc., as in the rare old days.

—Two Kane men were arrested yesterday by Constable Dilley for illegal hunting in the vicinity of West Kane, and when the men were held up by the constable they had in their possession several rabbits which will cost them $10.00 apiece besides a fine of $25.00 each for hunting on Sunday.—Monday's Kane Republican.

—"Shine On, Harvest Moon" will appear at the Smethport Lyceum Saturday evening, Nov. 4. It has been reported here from different cities that this company is giving the best satisfaction. All special scenery and a selected cast. We have heard it was one great success. At the Majestic Theatre, New York city, the company played 340 nights.

—With but few spectators watching the trip, Captain Klaus Larsen on Sunday afternoon successfully navigated the whirlpool rapids, the whirlpool and the lower rapids of the lower Niagara river in a fifteen-foot motor boat. The trip was uneventful and it required just 39 minutes to make the ten miles, starting from the Canadian Maid of the Mist landing to the Anglers retreat dock, Lewiston.

—The 40 horse power, 1910 model, Jackson automobile belonging to D. B. Wasson of Bradford was burned up at a point between Lewis Run and Big Shanty last Thursday evening. The engines got to back firing in the carbueretor and the jar broke the feed pipe and set fire to the flowing gasoline. The car was entirely destroyed. The car was valued at $1500 on which he carried an insurance of $1000.

—Paul Glatz, the self confessed St. Marys' ink slinger, was released from the county jail several days ago and immediately left for parts unknown. In view of the circumstances it was deemed best by the authorities to let the culprit go free. Mr. Glatz's family in St. Marys will join the former prisoner in his new home, it is said. This marks the end of the most sensational case in Elk county in years.

—Steve Kane, a Slav, aged 22 years, lost his left arm about two-thirds of the way between his wrist and elbow last Thursday afternoon. He was letting a car of wood down into the factory of the Newton chemical works; by gravity when he fell from the car, his left arm being crushed under the wheels. Dr. Ostrander was summoned and assisted by Dr. McCoy and L. K. Hogarth the arm was amputated. Kane was taken to the County Home and is getting along nicely.

—Anyone knowing of a comely widow whose husband was hanged should notify John B. Randall, a ranch owner of Manitou, Okla. Randall has placed an advertisement in the Forth Worth papers for a wife and he says the applicants must be widows whose husbands have been hanged. Randall offers them a good home, a "fine time" and plenty of money. His wife also must be good looking and a good cook. Randall says he insists on the hanging procession because otherwise his wife always would be remarking what a fine fellow her first husband was.

—The importance of a single vote, says the Philadelphia Press, has been again demonstrated. Richard H. Koch, who received the Republican nomination for judge of Schuylkill county at the recent primaries, has also been nominated on the Prohibition ticket, though he received but one Prohibition ballot. Nobody voted for anybody else, and so the nomination goes to former Judge Koch, as the unanimous choice. That one vote is not the whole Prohibition party in Schuylkill county by any means, but it can do business for the whole party as long as nobody else cares to go to the trouble.

—D. L. Sheriff and family, who were on their way from Oregon to their former home in Ulysses, Potter county, passed through Smethport last Friday afternoon. On May 23rd last, in three covered wagons equipped as living quarters, and extra horses, the family left Oregon for an overland trip to their old home in Pennsylvania. One of the teams used in returning was shipped to Oregon two years ago. Mr. Sheriff said that two years ago when he decided to locate in Oregon he thought he was unfortunate in not being able to sell both his Pennsylvania ranches, but he now considers it the luckiest thing that ever happened to him.

—Mrs. John Nels Larson, an elderly Swedish lady, died at the home of her son, Oscar Larson, on the Two-Mile last Monday. She was past seventy-two years of age and had been a resident in that neighborhood for many years, beloved by everyone that knew her. The funeral was held on Wednesday and the remains brought to Port Allegany and interred in the Fairview cemetery beside the remains of her husband, who died three years ago. Two sons and three daughters survive her. They are: Oscar and Helman of the Two-Mile, Mrs. Lena Anderson of Smethport, Mrs. Tilda Bergren of Loomis, Nebraska, and Mrs. Helma Johnson of this city.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—This section is being flooded with counterfeits of the twenty-five and fifty cent denominations. A good many of them have appeared in Meadville, more have been seen in Corry and they promise to grow more numerous within the next few weeks. The coins are excellent imitations of the real thing. They bear the picture of King Edward, are cleverly worked out and the milling would not attract attention. A certain test is this: Hold the coin between thumb and forefinger with the head of the King up. If the crown is at the top of the coin after the turn is made, then the money is good. If at the bottom it is the counterfeit. The manufacturer erred in turning his die wrong side up for the stamping of the back. Were that defect remedied an expert would be required to detect the counterfeit.

A Dangerous Wound.

Senator Robert L. ("Fiddling Bob") Taylor told about a man in the backwoods of Tennessee who applied for a pension for a gunshot wound. An examining surgeon of the medical board stripped and examined him, ejaculating finally: "Old man, we cannot find a single blemish on your hide. Where were you shot during the war?" The old man said, "Well, gentlemen, I was shot in the substitute."—Leslie's Weekly.

A Real Smart Dog.

Mr. Brown—Is that dog of yours smart? Mr. Ridge—Smart? Well, I should think so. I was going out with him yesterday, and I stopped and said, "Towser, we've forgotten something." And bothered if he didn't sit down and scratch his head to see if he could think what it was.—Stray Stories.

Boswell and Johnson.

"I am sometimes troubled," said Boswell, "by a disposition to stinginess."

"So am I," replied Johnson, "but I do not tell it."

Make your practice square with your profession.

God Save the Commonwealth

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the nomination and election of public officers, requiring certain expenses incident thereto to be paid by the several counties, and punishing certain offenses in regard to such elections," approved the 10th day of June, A. D. 1893, (and its several amendments), I, William H. Morrison, High Sheriff of the County of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean County, that a general election will be held in the said County of McKean on TUESDAY, the 7th day of November, A. D. 1911, (being the TUESDAY next following the FIRST MONDAY of said month) for the purpose of electing the following officers, viz:—

One person for County Treasurer.

One person for Sheriff.

One person for Prothonotary.

One person for Recorder of Deeds.

One person for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court.

One person for Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer.

One person for District Attorney.

Three persons for County Commissioners.

Three persons for County Auditors.

Proposed amendments to the Constitution.

The Following Is Instructions to Voters.

TO VOTE A STRAIGHT PARTY TICKET, MARK A CROSS (X) IN THE SQUARE, IN THE FIRST COLUMN, OPPOSITE THE NAME OF THE PARTY OF YOUR CHOICE.

A CROSS MARK IN THE SQUARE OPPOSITE THE NAME OF ANY CANDIDATE INDICATES A VOTE FOR THAT CANDIDATE.

A CROSS (X) MARKED IN THE SQUARE AT THE RIGHT OF THE WORD "YES," INDICATES A VOTE FOR THE AMENDMENT.

A CROSS (X) MARKED IN THE SQUARE AT THE RIGHT OF THE WORD "NO," INDICATES A VOTE AGAINST THE AMENDMENT.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited, namely:—

County Treasurer.
(Mark One)

Charles C. Melvin, Republican.
Charles. R. Bagley, Democratic.
Leo V. Goding, Prohibition
Keystone.
Lars Swedenhjelm, Socialist.

Sheriff.
(Mark One)

John A. Peterson, Republican.
Matthew C. Bain, Democratic,
Keystone.
H. B. Milward, Prohibition.
G. H. W. Larson, Socialist.

Prothonotary.
(Mark One)

B. F. Starsky, Republican.
Frank P. Isherwood, Democratic,
Keystone.
L. L. Mitchell, Prohibition.
Chas. Buck, Socialist.

Recorder of Deeds.
(Mark One)

H. M. Choate, Republican.
Democratic,
Chas. H. Gleason, Prohibition
Keystone.
Carl Sandberg, Socialist.

Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court.
(Mark One)

Republican,
John B. Eastman, Democratic,
Keystone.
J. V. Anderson, Prohibition.
J. V. Kellets, Socialist.

Clerk of the Courts of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer.
(Mark One)

Frank R. Foster, Republican.
W. G. Holder, Democratic,
Keystone.
H. A. Sill, Prohibition.
O. G. Crawford, Socialist.

District Attorney.
(Mark One)

Republican,
Thomas B. Wilson, Democratic,
Prohibition.
P. J. Fishback, Socialist.

Coroner.
(Mark One)

E. R. Sherman, Republican.
Dr. Charles D. O'Hern, Democratic,
Keystone.
H. Irvin Woodhead, Prohibition.
Clyde Clark, Socialist.

County Commissioners.
(Mark Two)

A. R. Anderson, Republican.
Arthur M. Marsh, Republican.
Democratic,
Asa R. Cory, Prohibition,
Keystone.
John P. Devlin, Democratic.
W. H. Dennis, Prohibition.
V. E. Digel, Socialist.
Carl H. Herman, Socialist.
W. E. Parsons, Keystone.

County Auditors.
(Mark Two)

A. A. Abbey, Republican.
J. Emroy Abbott, Republican.
F. A. Burdick, Democratic,
Keystone.
Wilbur I. Ovitt, Democratic,
Keystone.
W. F. Burr, Prohibition.
S. M. Love, Prohibition.
Edward Anderson, Socialist.
E. C. Walters, Socialist.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION NO. 1.

Shall Section Eight of Article Nine of The Constitution be Amended so as to Read as Follows:

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION NO. 2.

Shall Section Six of Article Five of the Constitution be Amended so as to Read as Follows?

Section 6. In the county of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and coordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the county of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the County of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:—

Annin Township.

At the building known as Simpson's store, now Macabee Hall, at Turtle Point.

Bradford City.

First Ward, First District—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First Ward, Second District—C. J. Lane's building, on Boylston street, near Pine.

Second Ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, at the southeast corner of South avenue and Corydon street, in the first precinct of the second ward, in the said City of Bradford.

Second Ward, Second District—At No. 46 Chestnut street, Mrs. M. J. Rook building.

Third Ward, First District—57 Mechanic street, Bradford Awning Works, on west side of street.

Third Ward, Second District—At lot on south side of Washington street a little west of Center street, booth to be provided by County.

Fourth Ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad company.

Fifth Ward—Robert's tank shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth Ward—At Epworth hall, next door to Methodist church on the north side of East Main street.

Bradford Township.

First District—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.

Second District—A point at or near the cross roads near Smith's chemical works, on lands of W. H. Emery, in a suitable building erected by the County Commissioners.

Ceres Township.

The building opposite side of Oswayo Creek, recently purchased by County Commissioners.

Corydon Township.

First District—The first floor of a new building owned by B. D. Tome, across the highway from said Tome's residence.

Second District—At Conover school house.

Eldred Borough.

At the hose house, Edson street.

Eldred Township.

Building owned by School District, on south side of Pennsylvania railroad, near depot.

Foster Township.

First District—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall, at Derrick City, in said district.

Second District—In the A. P. Corwin building at Corwin Center.

Hamilton Township.

First District—At the school house in Ludlow.

Second District—Second floor of Macabee hall situate at Morrisons.

Hamlin Township.

First District—The store room in the Walker building on Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Second District—At Lantz's store.

Third District—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "Reading Room Building" in the village of Kushequa.

Kane Borough.

First Ward—The new hose house in the alley in the rear of No. 311 Park avenue in said Borough of Kane.

Second Ward—At the City or Municipal Building, situate at the corner of Chase and Bayard streets.

Third Ward—The lower floor or Truck room of the Mountain Hose Company building on Biddle street, in said Third Ward.

Fourth Ward—the building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 3, in said ward.

Keating Township.

First District—Geo. Howe's Hall, being in the second story of said hall, situated on the south side of the public highway leading through East Smethport, in the rear of said Howe's blacksmith shop.

Second District—At new building of J. C. Stull, Farmers Valley.

Third District—In the village of Simpson, in said district, in the building known as the "Ancient Order United Workman's Hall."

Lafayette Township.

First District—In the south room on the first floor of the Odd Fellows building at Mt. Alton, in said district.

Second District—School house at Big Shanty.

Third District—The building of Mrs. E. C. Tenny in the village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway, 40 rods east of said Newton building.

Lewis Run Borough.

The new Town Hall.

Liberty Township.

In a building near the grocery store of E. Dudley at a point on the Smethport road, about 90 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the Borough of Port Allegany.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

The east room on the first floor of the city building and known as the hose house.

Norwich Township.

First District—Norwich township hall.

Second District—At a building erected by the Commissioners at Gardeau.

Otto Township.

First District—In the building known as "Union Hall" in the village of Duke Center in said district.

Second District—The K. O. T. M. Hall, situate on the north side of the Main street in the village of Rixford in said Township of Otto.

Port Allegany Borough.

Second story of public building.

Sergeant Township.

First District—The newly erected Town Hall, situated at Clermont.

Second District—In the old residence of D. O. Black at Freeman.

Smethport Borough.

In the southeast corner of basement of Court House.

Wetmore Township.

In the basement of the Public School building in East Kane.

Polls to open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of this State or of any city or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporate district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand, this 24th day of October, A. D. 1911.

WILLIAM H. MORRISON,
Sheriff.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

The Keen County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Regular advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] per column per annum payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for double insertion.
Notices, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 2, 1911.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Sheriff.

Editor Miner: Please announce to the voters of McKean county that I am the candidate for Sheriff of this county on the Democratic and Keystone parties and I respectfully solicit their support at the general election to be held on Tuesday, November 7.

MATTHEW C. BAIN.

Bradford, Pa., Oct. 3, 1911.

Editor Miner: Please announce to the voters of McKean county that I am a nominee for Prothonotary of this county by the Democratic and Keystone parties and I respectfully solicit their support at the general election to be held on Tuesday, November 7.

FRANK P. ISHERWOOD.

October 18, 1911.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Treasurer.
C. C. Melvin, 2nd, Bradford.
Sheriff.
John A. Peterson, Bradford.
Prothonotary.
B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder of Deeds.
H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register of Wills.
John B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts.
Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
District Attorney.
Thomas B. Wilson, Bradford.
Coroner.
E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County Commissioners.
A. R. Anderson, Clermont.
A. M. Marsh, Bradford.
Auditors.
A. A. Abbey, Smethport.
J. E. Abbott, Bradford.

Vote the straight Republican ticket next Tuesday.

J. E. Abbott, *candidate for county auditor*, is a well-known Bradford man who is at present one of the jury commissioners. He has been a cripple all his life, and if elected the compensation from the office will be a great help to him.

A. M. Marsh, who is a candidate for re-election to the office of county commissioner on the Republican ticket, has held that office for the past three years and stands on his record of the past before the voters of this county. That he will be elected is a foregone conclusion and his friends wish to make his majority as large as possible

Thomas B. Wilson, a hustling young attorney from Bradford, is the Republican candidate for district attorney, and as he also has the Democratic and *Prohibition nomination for* the office his election is certain sure. These endorsements show that Mr. Wilson is eminently fitted for the office as well as being an unusually popular young man.

Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York World and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and for many years one of the most powerful journalistic forces in America, died suddenly on Sunday aboard his yacht, the Liberty, off Charleston, S. C. Joseph Pulitzer, who came to this country practically penniless and unable to speak English died worth, it is conservatively estimated, $30,000,000.

Frank R. Foster asks to be re-elected clerk of the courts and there is every reason to believe that his request will be granted next Tuesday. Mr. Foster has been a resident of this county ever since the early oil excitement and is known to nearly everyone within its boundaries. He is a genial, obliging and painstaking official who richly deserves re-election and his hosts of friends will see to it that his wishes are granted and that he has a handsome majority when the votes are counted.

President Taft in one of his recent speeches said that if trusts are not compelled to obey the law, the government will eventually have to take them under control and run their business for them. "But that," exclaimed the President, "would be State Socialism. I am not for State Socialism. I am an individualist. But if the trusts will not yield to the decision rendered by our Supreme Court and put their business on a proper basis there will be no other course left for us. Monopoly cannot exist. It is our business to stop it."

A. A. Abbey of Smethport, candidate for county auditor, is a man whom the voters of this county can safely rely upon to carefully audit the accounts of the county and watch out for the best interests of the taxpayers. He has served one term in this capacity with credit to himself and the office. Being a heavy taxpayer himself as well as a conservative man of affairs he has more than ordinary interest in the way the monies of the people are expended and the voters of this county regardless of party will make no mistake in casting a ballot for Mr. Abbey.

For coroner of this county we have E. R. Sherman, the present incumbent, who has filled that office for several years in a most satisfactory manner. He is careful and conscientious in the discharge of his duties as well as a man of rare good judgment. He is a veteran of the Civil war, who is well and favorably known throughout the length and breadth of this county, and a man who is clean, honest and sincere. That he will be elected by a big majority is a foregone conclusion, but his many friends wish to pile up as big a majority as possible for Comrade Sherman.

John A Peterson of Bradford, the Republican nominee for Sheriff, is one of the best known and most popular men in this county, and he numbers his friends by the legion. As county commissioner he has had dealings with nearly every voter in the county. He has always did business in a square, upright, honorable manner that has made his political enemies respect him. He is an able, forceful man, eminently fitted for the office of Sheriff and, notwithstading the fact that he has a popular opponent, his friends feel certain that he will be elected by a wholesome majority.

Charles C. Melvin of Bradford, the Republican candidate for County Treasurer, is a man who merits the individual support of every Republican in the county regardless of any faction such voter may have affiliated with in the past. Mr. Melvin is one of those square, clean cut, upright, honest and genial young men who deserves recognition at the hands of the people. He is always ready and willing to assist those who need his help and his personal and political career is without a blemish of any description. He has many firm friends throughout the county who will work and vote for him and when the votes are counted he will be among the top notchers on the ticket.

The Federal government entered suit to dissolve the United States Steel corporation in the United States Circuit Court to-day. This action is the most sweeping anti-trust action yet begun by the Department of Justice. Not only does the government propose to dissolve the steel corporation and to restore competition, but it is understood that criminal proceedings will soon be entered against the officials who have conducted the trust. In its plea the Department of Justice not only asks that the parent trust be dissolved, but that all the consistent companies, which formed part of the monopoly alleged to exist, be dissolved as well. Thirty-six colloraty companies are named in the action.

John B. Eastman is the Republican candidate for re-election for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court. Mr. Eastman has filled this position for several years and has made such a competent, careful, obliging and painstaking official that he has practically no opposition for the office, and it is well for the people who know John Eastman and they are many, would not think of voting against him regardless of party. During the past year Mr. Eastman has been in ill health but he has managed to attend to his duties in a most satisfacory manner and now that he has recovered his good health, the people can rest assured that his office will be well cared for while in his hands.

A. R. Anderson of Clermont is one of the Republican candidates for county commissioner who deserves every Republican vote in the county. He is one of the young Swedish Americans of this county who is recognized by all who know him as a capable, intelligent, conservative and strictly honest business man. He has held various township offices as well as being a county auditor and the way he has conducted the business of these offices is an excellent recommendation as to his ability and integrity. Mr. Anderson is certain to be elected and we predict that he will make one of the very best commissioners this county has had in a good many years. Give him a vote and make his majority as large as possible.

H. M. Choate, Republican candidate for Recorder of Deeds, is so well and favorably known throughout the county that what we can say will be only coinciding with the opinion of every voter in the county has of him and that is that he is the right man in the right place and that everybody who has the best interests of the public at heart wants him re-elected. Mr. Choate, although a veteran of the Civil war is just in the prime of life and attends to the manifold duties of his office with a neatness and precision that commands the admiration of everybody. He is a traveling encyclopedia of the records of this coulty and his worth to the patrons of this office cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. He will be elected by an overwhelming majority and serve the people well for another term.

B. F. Starsky, the Republican nominee for re-election to the office of prothonotary is a young man who richly merits the support of every Republican voter in the county as a reward for his faithful service during his incumbency of that office. He not only does his duty every day in the year but he will go farther out of his way to do a man a favor than any man we know and he always does it in a cheerful way. He is generous and big hearted with his friends and his purse is always open to any poor and needy person in distress. The writer knows of several instances where he has lent substantial aid to those in need and that he does it from the goodness of his heart instead of for political effect is patent by the fact that he does his charity acts in the quietest way possible and the outside world never hears of it except by accident. It is generally known that he has made one of the very best prothonotarys that we have ever had, and personally there is no cleaner, squarer man in this county. If merit and personal worth count for anything with the voters of this county he will be elected by as big a majority as any man on the ticket, for it is certain there are no better men in the county than B. F. Sarsky.

A RESOLUTION.

Allegheny County Bar Association Favor the Amendment.

At a meeting of the Allegheny County Bar Association, held on October 9th, 911, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, at the suggestion of this Association, amendments have been proposed to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, providing for the consolidation of the courts of common pleas of Allegheny county into a single court; and

Whereas, said amendments have been twice passed upon by the legislature of this Commonwealth, and are to be submitted to the voters for their ratification or rejection on Tuesday, November 7, 1911; and

Whereas, the said amendments if adopted will greatly facilitate the work of said courts and abolish to a large degree the numerous delays now suffered by litigants in said courts; and

Whereas, said unification of the courts will greatly expedite all other business than jury trials and will to a large degree enable jury trials to be had continuously and at such times as convenient to the parties; and

Whereas, such unification of the courts with the proper method of procedure adopted relevant to the transaction of business therein will result in an inestimable saving of time of counsel and fees to witnesses.

Now, therefore, be it resolved: That this Association unqualifiedly recommends to all the voters of Pennsylvania the approval of said proposed amendment to Section 6, Article 5, of the Constitution, providing for the consolidation of said courts as set forth in joint resolution No. 1 passed by the legislature in 1911 and that the secretary of this Association mail a copy of this resolution to each newspaper published in the State of Pennsylvania at least ten days prior to the date of election, with a request that said newspaper publish the same for the enlightenment of the otcrs among their constituents and that a copy of said statement be mailed to the attorneys of this county with a request that they carefully consider the same and urge their clients or friends to attend the election and approve the amendments.

AT THE LYCEUM.

"Shine On, Harvest Moon," the Attraction Saturday Night.

According to advance reports this reproduction of a wintry night in Kentucky, "Shine On, Harvest Moon," which is coming to the Smethport Lyceum on Saturday, Nov. 4, is pure, wholesome, sweet and true to nature, and, according to the most discriminating critics, one that will live in the memory for years. The play abounds in a succession of comedy climaxes. It is interesting and clean, is this story of Mr. Lawrence E. Russell's depicting the life of the little down south village. It has sentiments and thrills, scenery and music and a good share of all the other virtues known to the comedy drama. Love and waywardness are both exploited, the latter forgiven and forgotten.

"Shine On, Harvest Moon" is a strong play because it is so close to nature, "a broadly smeared nature, perhaps," wrote one Eastern critic, "but still wholesome and honest in story and altogether true in intent." Therefore it is a good play to see and especially a good play for the fearsome madame who reads so much about the stage going to bow-wows.

The play, which is in four acts, and six scenes, has always been adjudged unusually meritorious in itself and this season has been made doubly attractive by the insertion of new features in the way of extra pleasing specialties.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending October 28th, 1911:

Brown F. R.
Lundragun, Elizabeth.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Lyceum Theatre
Nov. 4.
GEO. C KALL
Presents
SHINE
On
HARVEST
MOON
A Beautiful Comedy Drama in Four Acts.
SPECIAL SCENERY
A Beautiful Play with a Great Cast
6 Up-to-Date Specialties 6
Seats on sale at Well's Drug Store, Prices: 25c, 35c, and 50c

VACATION TIME
Perhaps you need a Trunk or Traveling Bag. We have the Best in the world, the celebrated Liskly Rochester Baggage, and a complete assortment of matting and rattan cases. Cool shirts and underwear; also Hosiery and Neckwear—Just received a new stock. We have six weeks yet for Straw Hat wear; a good assortment to chose from.
ONE-HALF PRICE
Great Big Reductions on all our Men's, Youths, and Boys' Summer Suits. A nice lot of them on hand, and all new this season.
We are showing quite a number of styles in Fall Hats.
IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
53 54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN
WE ARE AFTER THE MEN
You know us but come in and get acquainted with our good Suits and Overcoats. We please everybody because we stand back of everything we sell.
The best stuff for the least money at this store.
H. W. Rubin

COUGH SYRUP
Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.
Perfumes. We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.
WELLS DRUG STORE

This may be the Farm You are Looking For.
Splendid Small Dairy and Poultry Farm Near Trolley.
We offer for sale a level farm of 12 1-2 acres, located 1 1-4 miles from Portville, N. Y., on main road to Eldred, 1-4 mile from trolley and macadamized road. Soil is mellow and rich, can grow alfalfa. Good house of 8 rooms, new gambrel roof barn, fine shade and fruit trees. Three driven wells, fine water. Beautiful lawn and flower beds. Nice patch strawberries. Buildings insured for $1,800. Owner going West. Will sell for only $2,250. Terms $1,000 cash, easy payments for balance. Would make ideal small dairy and poultry farm. If you are interested you will have to act quick.
Herrick Agency
306 Masonic Temple. Both Phones.
Olean, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE BOLIVAR, N. Y.

STOVES
I have just received one of the most complete lines of heating stoves, large and small, ever shown in the town.
Come in and look them over, you will be sure to find just what you are looking for.
E. W. STRONG

THE HUNTING SEASON
will soon be on, and the tramp, tramp of the seeker for game will be heard throughout the land. It is time for good, heavy, serviceable shoes. Have you your hunting footwear? If not, come here to our store, and let us show the best shoes for hunting and all-around wear you ever saw. You can't wear 'em out.
ANDERSON & CARLSON,
The Shoe Men,
SMETHPORT, PA.

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING
in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)
Smethport Inner Tubes
are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.
A Full Line of Sundries in Stock
—Write us for Prices—
SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

The Lindholm Company

The Store of Quality Low Price.

A New Line of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Sweaters.

Teddy bear Blankets, in blue and pink just the thing for Baby carriages.

New outing Flannels and fancy Flannels in many new patterns.

Eider down yearns in all shades for the Aviator C+ , per skein..... 18c

AUTO SCARFS—A new line in pink, blue, lavender, and white.

The Ardath, we believe, the longest and best $1.00 corset on the market. It is carefully and expertly designed—made of good cloth with durable, pliable boning.

Every detail represents a higher standard of quality than has ever heretofore been attempted in a corset to retail at this price.

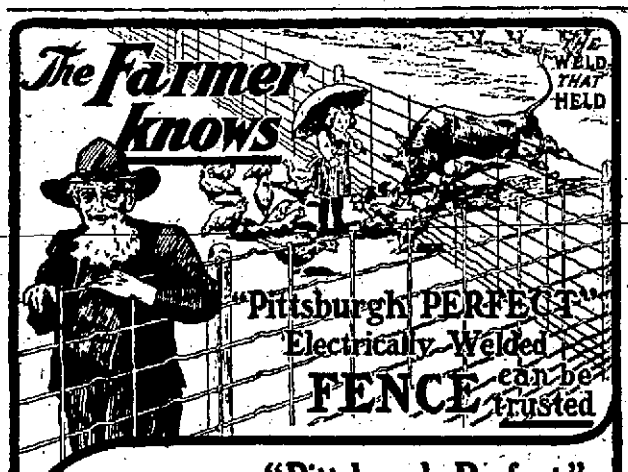
The hose supporters are 1¼ inches wide with lasting high-grade clasps.

CORSETS

This is another model, for well developed figures. Its special feature is the kind of cording which reinforces the waist line and makes it practically unbreakable at this point.

Model is heavily boned, comparatively short in length. Front steel is reinforced with an inner steel giving it double strength. The boning is duplex and nonrustable.

The Lindholm Co.



"Pittsburgh Perfect"
Wire Fencing is *best* all through.

THE BEST WIRE The wire is drawn from a special quality of open hearth material—tough, pliable, strong, long lived like old-time iron wire. It is the finest fencing wire possible to manufacture.

Galvanizing Perfect Heavily galvanized by our own new and perfect process, the wire is positively moisture-proof. The fact that

All Stay Wires and Line Wires are Electrically Welded

not only eliminates the weakening and moisture-gathering wraps, clamps and ties, but practically transforms the fence into *one piece* of perforated steel.

Sectional view—Amalgamation perfect. No seam

No Waste Wire There is no waste wire to make useless weight; instead, heavier wire is used and *all* the weight

NoWasteWeight is *fence*. Stay wires being of the same size as line wires, the

"Pittsburgh Perfect" Fence is the Strongest in the World
73 Styles and sizes, adapted to every purpose—FIELD, FARM, RANCH LAWN, POULTRY.
EVERY ROD GUARANTEED PERFECT.

Daly & Garlick
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 2, 1911.

—Every voter should go to the polls and vote next Tuesday.

—Port Allegany is to have a postal savings bank in the near future.

—"The Blue Mouse" will be the attraction at the Bradford Theatre on Saturday, Nov. 11.

—The Republican ticket is an excellent one and no Republican should be ashamed to vote it straight.

—"The Wolf" is the attraction at the Bradford Theatre to-night. It is said to be an excellent production.

—A flock of wild geese was seen going south over town Monday evening—a true harbinger of cold weather.

—Aside from the usual Hollowe'en pranks, this very important night in the lives of the small folk, passed off quietly.

—The Sunday school of the Methodist Episcopal church will re-convene Sunday at 12 m. All scholars are urged to be present.

—"Bill" Hungiville, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hungiville, is very ill with pneumonia at the home of his parents on Franklin street.

—The football game scheduled for Tuesday afternoon did not materialize. Some cruel person said it was postponed on account of wet grounds.

—The Smethport Window Glass factory has resumed operations after a shut-down for the summer. A large force of men are employed and steady work is anticipated.

—Pennsylvania Day at State College will be observed on Friday, Nov. 17. This is becoming a great day at this college and a large number of guests are expected to be present.

—It is claimed that the Austin schools will be opened next Monday, but only a small attendance is expected, many families have left the town and others expect to go soon.

—Baptist church, preaching at 10:30 a. m., subject "Making Sunshine." Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Evening preaching at 7:30, subject "Smethport People's New Business." J. Booth, pastor.

—Services at the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday. Morning subject "Judging Christians and the Church." Evening, "A Young Man Who Stood the Test of Temptation." Fourth in series on Life of Joseph.

—Willis Broughton, aged 14 years, was taken with scarlet fever on Monday. He is at the home of Thomas McDermott on West Main street. The house is under strict quarantine. No other cases have been reported in the past week and all the other patients are nearly well.

—John C. Rice of Highland Corners, Elk county, died suddenly at the Kane hospital Tuesday evening from injuries received about a week ago. Mr. Rice was a former resident of this place and his remains will be taken to Coryville for burial. A suitable obituary will be published next week.

—The Misses Rubin gave a party last Thursday evening to a large number of ladies at their home on King street. The house was beautifully decorated and excellent refreshments were served. At this time the engage of Miss Rae Rubin to Mr. Sol Marks of Renova was announced.

—Byron Simar, a well-known resident of Port Allegany, died at his home on Saturday, Oct. 21, from appoplexy. He was 59 years of age. He is survived by two sons and one daughter, two sisters and two brothers, one of whom is Frank D. Simar, a former county commissioner and resident of this place.

—No one should miss the opportunity of seeing "Shine On, Harvest Moon," at the Smethport Lyceum, Saturday evening. This is a companion to "The Old Homestead" and is a simple story of everyday life. Many high-class specialties are introduced which add interest to an already interesting production.

—A short time ago it was discovered that Wilbur Dorsey, of Olean, a clerk in the street department of that city, had embezzled city funds by means of padding the pay rools. Since then the books have been audited and the shortage found to be $3,094.63, and on Tuesday of last week the parents of the young man, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dorsey, paid over the amount, so that the city will lose nothing. It is not thought that this action will prevent prosecution.

—P. H. Dougherty, left fielder for the Chicago White Sox, arrived home on Thursday evening, after remaining in Chicago for the post-series games between the White Sox and the Cubs. The former won four straight games, thereby receiving the larger share of the receipts. The total attendance at the games was about 99,000. Mr. Dougherty received over $800 as his share of the receipts. Mr. Dougherty and family are again occupying their home on Friendship street in this village.—Bolivar Breeze.

—The editor of an exchange gets off the following, which is almost true. We have no desire to leave this vale of tears and hurl ourselves upon Abraham's bosom, but if we had such a desire, we wouldn't lean up against a loaded gun and then pull the trigger, as many do. Neither would we dine on rough on rats, blow out gas, drink concentrated lye, sit down in the lap of a buzz saw, nor smoke cigarettes. We would simply get out an edition of our paper in which we would strive to the best of our ability to print the plain square cold truth as we understand it—and then calmly await the end.

—Ida Jenness Moulton of Beverley, Mass., the celebrated impersonator and musical entertainer, will be at the U. B. church at Farmers Valley on Monday, Nov. 6. Her varied programs are new to all, as they are largely her own. The original monologues are very humorous, while the unique musical recitations give variety. The dramatic selections are her own arrangements. The young and old alike are charmed. She filled one hundred and eighty-three engagements during last season, appearing before some of the largest organizations in New England. Come and enjoy a good laugh. Admission 25 and 15 cents.

—The moving pictures of the Austin flood which were shown at Norwich Sunday afternoon and evening are fine, as the writer can truthfully say, being fortunate enough to see them. C. Buckley, a former resident of Austin and an eye witness of the awful disaster gives a fine description of each scene. Those who were at Austin during and after the flood say the pictures are certainly fine. The same films will be used here at the Star this afternoon and evening and should draw crowded houses to all shows. W. C. Gunsion and C. J. Buckley, owners of the pictures, will have charge of the shows this afternoon and evening.

—"The Widow Winnie Wynne," the musical satire which the Moore Musical company will present at the Smethport Lyceum on Tuesday evening, is one of those merry frolicsome affairs that was built just to make the great masses of theatre goers laugh, although light and farcial in construction it possesses a great deal of merit in construction, as, while never letting the plot obtrude itself to the detriment of he fun, it tells an interesting and funny story in a most direct way. The plot hinges on a young widow who must marry in a year after her husband's departure. Wherever she went, how she succeeds is most humorously told. There are a number of pretty girls and many really bright vaudeville hits by the various principals.

—The editor received a postal card on Tuesday from W. L. MacGowan, former principal of the Smethport schools when the writer was a student. The card is from Mexico and shows a picture of a matador about to plunge his sword into an enraged bull. Mr. MacGowan says: "I saw this done. Am now down on coast among cocoanuts, oranges, rubber trees, bananas—all growing wild. Wish you were with me. Hot on coast but cool up at Mexico City—4700 feet altitude. Many Americans here. All say they like the climate and country. Very primitive life. Children naked. Houses merely huts of bamboo with clay floors. Many without doors or windows, and monkeys peep in them scud to treetops. Fine, large, sweet oranges 5 cents per dozen."

PERSONAL MENTION.

John B. Eastman was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bright were Kane visitors last Thursday.

Wm. Monheimer was in Buffalo on business the first of the week.

Mrs. F. A. McCoy and Mrs. H. H. Redfield were Bradford visitors Monday.

Sol Marks of Renova was a guest at the home of H. W. Rubin over Sunday.

Henry Townsend of Passaic, N. J., was a visitor in town last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman and children were Ceres visitors last Thursday.

Mrs. Margaret Knapp left Friday for a visit with relatives in Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin were Eldred visitors on Sunday.

Mrs. John E. Stives, formerly of Austin, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James T. Chisholm.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Travis of Canisteo were the guests last week of Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Bailey of Boston, Mass., are the guests of Mr. Bailey's sister, Mrs. R. K. Knapp.

Mrs. E. W. Workley and children are visiting at the home of Mrs. Workley's mother, at York, Pa.

J. P. Devlin, B. F. Starsky, J. C. Brenneman and Dr. W. A. Ostrander were Bradford visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young are guests of the former's brother, Dr. Gard Young, and family at Geneva, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Stull left Friday morning for their home in Denver, Colo., after an extended visit in this place.

Mrs. Geo. L. Graham who has been the guest of Mrs. J. W. McGavern, has returned to her home at East Bradford.

Miss Mate Connolly returned home Saturday from a two weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. O. J. Wettrick, of Coudersport.

Miss Myra Rice has returned home from an extended visit with relaties and friends in Middletown and New York city.

Kenneth Mayo, Edwin Bouton, Harry Rublu and Edmund Whitelaw were the guests of Miss Helen Weiss at Bradford Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCarthy spent Sunday in Johnsonburg. They were called there by the serious illness of Mrs. McCarthy's sister.

Mrs. Paine who has been employed as nurse at the home of W. O. Herzog, has returned to her home in Warren on account of ill health.

Mrs. W. S. Acre returned home Saturday from Franklinville, N. Y. She was accompanied home by her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Parker.

Mrs. E. Kingsley and daughter, Helen, who has been visiting here for the past three weeks, returned to their home in Salamanca last Saturday.

Mrs. R. K. Russell and son, Ned, returned to their home in Bradford Saturday after a short visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin.

Everrill Chadwick, who is a medical student in the University of Buffalo, came home last Saturday and visited with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick, until Tuesday.

W. I. OVIATT FOR AUDITOR.

He Has Filled This Office Before and Was a Good Official.

W. I. Oviatt, one of the Democratic-Keystone candidates for County Auditor, has been employed at Austin for some time past and has not had a chance to make any canvass of the county. However, Mr. Oviatt has been before the people before and the voters who have kept track of his record know that he has done what was right and has never been afraid to stand by his convictions.

As County Auditor during the years 1905, 6 and 7, he was fearless in the discharge of his duties and always acted for the best interests of the taxpayers of the county. As he stood then he stands to-day and his many friends and admirers of pluck and courage will do their best to elect him. You will make no mistake by voting for W. I. Oviatt for County Auditor. It

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Olivette Shirts

FRY & COMES

THE STORE THAT SELLS "WOOLTEX"

CLUETTE & MONARCH SHIRTS.
1-2 Price this Week.

We Offer the odd and ends of the shirt stock this week at half the regular price.

They are all of the famous Cluett and Monarch make and better shirts at the regular selling prices it is impossible to buy anywhere. There's about one hundred in the lot now—the choicest of course—they sell fast enough at a profit—all of excellent material however, coats cut and made in the best possible way.

Choice of negligees as follows:—attached cuffs with collar bands; attached cuffs and detached laundered collars; attached soft collar and cuffs; and detached cuffs with collar bands; a few stiff bosoms with detached cuffs.

All sizes, 14 to 17½.

Come: It will pay you well.

FRY & COMES
SMETHPORT. : : : PA.

You Save

The price of a good pair of

WALK OVERS

When you Buy a

Frankel Fifteen

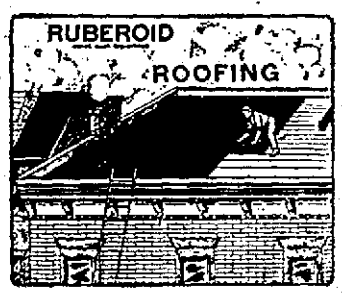
More real value in a FRANKEL FIFTEEN Suit or Overcoat, than you were ever offered for

MONHEIMERS'
THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

Four Cardinal Points
The
The Grocery Business
of
CLEANLINESS!
QUALITY! PRICE!
SERVICE.
You are Entitled to Them,
We Observe them all!

F. W. Brownell,
PHONE 7.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GARAGE

Up-to-date; modern; fireproof.

NIGHT SERVICE

First-class mechanics only in our

REPAIR DEPARTMENT

Supplies all kinds in stock; Batteries re-charged.

Dealers in "E-M-F," "FLANDERS," "SELDEN" and "PEERLESS" Cars
FISK TIRES

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY

Water St., Smethport, Pa.

AN ARBITER OF FATE

Gamaliel Swallows an Ancient Superstition

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"Here comes Aunt Alvaretta," said Elsie listlessly from her seat in the bow window. "I wonder what has happened. She's got her knit hood on over her sweeping cap, and she is running across the orchard."

Mrs. Parsons leaned over her daughter's shoulder and peered at the tall angular figure hurrying through the orchard that divided the two houses. "Maybe Gamaliel has had another fit. That cat will be the death of Alvaretta with his fits and finicky ways; she's worried over him half the time. I'll open the door for her." She went to the side porch and awaited her sister's coming.

Alvaretta came up the narrow path between the rows of chrysanthemums, her prunella shod feet flashing in and out of the dead leaves and her faded face quite pink with excitement.

"Is it Gamaliel?" called Mrs. Parsons eagerly as her sister drew near.

Miss Lee stopped short and stared. "Is what Gamaliel?"

"I thought perhaps that cat had another fit," returned Mrs. Parsons sharply; "he's always cutting up some sort of didoes!"

"Gamaliel's—all right," assured Alvaretta calmly as she followed her sister into the warm sitting room. "How are you, Elsie? Haven't you finished those pillowcases yet?"

"*This is the last one,*" answered Elsie, rising to offer her aunt a rocking chair. "When we saw you running, Aunt Alvaretta, we thought something had happened." She resumed her own seat and bent her fair head above the muslin pillowcase.

"Something unusual did happen," averred Miss Lee with mysterious nods of her head. "I'll have to take off my knit hood; it's hotter'n all get out in this room. For the land—if I haven't got on my sweeping cap! Well, it's all in the story of what happened when I was cleaning the garret this morning."

"What happened?" queried Mrs. Parsons impatiently as she picked up her needles and knitted furiously at some white lace she was making for her daughter's trousseau.

Miss Lee removed her sweeping cap and twirled it thoughtfully on one long finger, her keen, black eyes watching Elsie's downcast face as she told her story.

"As I was saying, I cleaned the garret this morning, or I was just beginning to when I decided I'd clean out that little closet under the rafters. There was a little hair trunk that belonged to Grandmother Lee, and it had all sorts of truck in it. I won't tell you all the stuff there was tucked away in that trunk. Some rainy day you can come, Emeline, and we'll look it over. But among other things there was a little pasteboard box and inside of it was a little scrap of lace, marked 'Ann Lee's wedding veil.' That was your great-grandmother, Elsie! There was a scrap of the wedding gown and then screwed up in a little piece of paper was this bit of grandmother's wedding cake!" Alvaretta triumphantly held up a twist of yellowed paper, which she carefully unfolded to discover a morsel of dark, fruity cake with a few flecks of icing clinging to it.

"I'm going to give it to Elsie to dream on," said Miss Lee slowly.

Elsie's pale face flushed hotly, and she shrank back in her chair with a protesting gesture of her hands. "You needn't laugh at me, Aunt Alvaretta," she said tremulously. "You know I don't have to dream on wedding cake—my fate's been decided for me." She shot a bitter glance at her mother's averted face.

Mrs. Parsons arose and went to the plant stand by the window, where she proceeded to pick the dead leaves from the geraniums with quick, nervous gestures that betrayed her inward perturbation.

"I didn't know Elsie had decided she was going to marry Jerome Barclay." I thought she was sort of teetering between him and Rob Harris," blurted Miss Alvaretta, getting upon her feet. "I'd never taken much stock in your notion of having Elsie get her wedding clothes ready before she'd made up her mind."

"I never said I wanted to marry Jerome Barclay. I—I—can't bear him!" flashed Elsie, with unusual spirit.

Mrs. Parsons turned a cold face toward her daughter. "I thought it was understood," she said severely, "that you was to marry Jerome. He said he wouldn't take 'no' for an answer, and he says you can keep hired help and you needn't do a stroke of work if you don't want to. He can afford to have you live like a lady. He left a diamond ring for you to wear, and he told me to fire ahead and get the clothes ready. He says he knows you will be ready. I don't want to influence you, Elsie, but I've had to work so hard all my life it seems as if I couldn't have you let such a good chance go by." She looked appealingly at the mutinous face of her daughter.

"I wouldn't mind working hard for some folks," half sobbed the girl, turning her eyes away.

Mrs. Parsons sighed and resumed her picking of the dead leaves from the geraniums. "I didn't know that Rob had given you the chance to say yes or no," she said bitterly.

"Fiddlesticks!" sniffed Miss Alvaretta, with a toss of her head. "I guess Rob and Elsie know whether they want to marry each other without any highfalutin talk about it. Rob Harris is poor, but he's smart as a whip and bound to make his mark in the world. He's got more ginger in his little finger than Jerome Barclay has in his whole hay body. I don't believe in interfering with other folk's business, and I shan't influence Elsie either way, but I think it's only fair she should have a chance, and here it is."

Miss Alvaretta held out the bit of wedding cake in its twist of paper and dropped it in her niece's outstretched hand. "Elsie Parsons, you take that cake and put it under your pillow tonight. If you dream about Rob Harris you can take it that it's your fate to marry him and nobody else. If you dream of anybody else I reckon it's your duty to marry them whoever they are. There! I've got to be going. Gamaliel will be wanting his milk."

With a pressure of Elsie's hand and a defiant glance at the thin disapproving back of her sister, Miss Alvaretta marched out of the room.

When she had disappeared through the aisles of leafless trees Mrs. Parsons turned around. "I hope you're not going to take any stock in that foolishness, Elsie."

"Mother, I'm going to have my chance," she said quietly. "I'll promise to abide by whatever I dream about tonight. If I dream about Jerome Barclay I'll tell you the truth."

"I'll do the best I can by you, Elsie, whichever way you happen to dream," said Mrs. Parsons after a long pause. "Thank you, mother," said Elsie, and then they talked of other matters and Elsie's lovers were not mentioned again that afternoon.

After supper there came a scratching and mewing at the side door. "It's Gamaliel," said Elsie as she arose to admit Miss Alvaretta's big black cat. "I suppose he's come over to spend the night."

"The most ungrateful critter that ever lived, remarked Mrs. Parsons as she placed a saucer of milk for the unexpected guest. "Alvaretta waits on that cat hand and foot and five nights out of the week he runs over here to sleep. I shouldn't think you'd want him sleeping in your room, Elsie."

While she undressed Elsie thought of the wedding cake and of what she might dream while its magic lay so near her head, but she forgot it after all until she was about to step into bed. Then she groped in the darkness and found the twisted bit of paper on the bureau and tucked it under her pillow.

She thought persistently of Jerome Barclay, while she tried to banish him from her mind, and so she fell asleep and dreamed of him—clear, vivid dreams of automobile rides around the surrounding country and into the adjacent cities as Jerome Barclay's wife; dreams that were so real that she remembered every detail of each one when she awoke to a realization that her test had failed to grant her heart's desire. Not once had she even thought of Rob Harris in the misty land of dreams.

Gamaliel yawned sleepily on his cushion and bounced off indignantly as the door was cautiously pushed open, and Mrs. Parsons' face was thrust in.

"Well, Elsie, what did you dream?" she asked, with assumed lightness.

Elsie sat up in bed and swept the fair hair back from her dejected face. "I dreamed of Jerome Barclay, mother," she said heroically. "So I'll marry him just as I said I would."

Mrs. Parsons advanced into the room and picked up a scrap of paper from the floor. "What's this?" she asked. "What did you do with the cake, Elsie?"

The girl stared and then slipped her hand hastily under the pillow and drew forth a screwed up piece of paper. "Here it is—no—why, mother, I made a mistake and put a curl paper under the pillow instead of the wedding cake!" The color came into her cheeks and her eyes danced as they had not done in months. She was getting some of her old time spirit back. "There isn't any charm about dreaming on a curl paper, is there, mother?" she asked demurely.

"No, there isn't," said Mrs. Parsons shortly. "Elsie, I believe that Gamaliel ate that cake. See, this is the paper with a few crumbs left in it. I found it near his cushion. There! See him eat the rest of it!" She looked resentfully at Gamaliel as he swallowed the remaining crumbs and licked his lips appreciatively.

"I forgot to say, Elsie, that Rob Harris is downstairs waiting to see you. He says he can't go till he does. I expect your Aunt Alvaretta had something to do about getting him over here. He looks powerfully worried. He's got a little automobile to attend to his business with. I've asked Rob to stay to breakfast. You better hurry." She opened the door and stumbled over the active Gamaliel. "Drat that cat! Thieving old reprobate!" she scolded, departing. "I'm glad you dreamed what you did, child," she called back.

Elsie snatched Gamaliel to her heart and kissed him rapturously. "You're the dearest old thing, and you shall wear a white ribbon," she whispered in his perky ear. Then from below there came a prolonged and familiar whistle that was echoed in her heart. She crept to the window and answered it happily, tremulously.

From across the orchard Aunt Alvaretta's voice sounded, calling: "Gamaliel! Gamaliel!"

The Stake in the Game.

A party of apaches entered a Paris cafe to have a game of billiards. The game was carried on in great mystery and absorbed all the interest and attention of the players. They had an enemy who was to be "done for," and whoever lost the game was to "do" him. When the game was over the loser accepted the result without discussion. Not long afterward a workman was stabbed fatally as he was coming out of a dance hall. The man who had stabbed him quickly disappeared, and the workman was placed in a cab and driven to an address which he had given. This was in a certain street where a sister of his was living. The man was barely able to get out of the cab and to explain that he had been stabbed. His case was so serious that he was conveyed to a hospital and died a few hours later. The police then made an inquiry and learned how the murder was deliberately decided upon and savagely executed. The workman himself did not know that his life was staked on a game of billiards.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Scotch Accent Too Much For Him.

The only real blot on my visit to Glasgow, says a writer in the London Sketch, is my total inability to speak with a Scottish accent. I rather pride myself, as most people do, on my vocal imitative faculties, but I confess to all the world here and now that I cannot imitate the Scottish accent. My Irish is beautiful; it would make all Dublin weep. My American is quite good; I could nearly always get anything that I wanted in the shops if I had the money. Anybody can talk Welsh who cares to substitute "p" for "b" and "f" for "v." But the Scottish accent eludes me. Sometimes I speak a little Scottish, tentatively, to the policeman or the train conductors or the shopkeepers. The policemen draw their staves, the train conductors stop their trams, and the shopkeepers put up their shutters. I am not quite sure, but I rather think that I shall abandon the unequal struggle.

She Was Persistent.

A huge package once reached Sir Walter Scott from a young lady in America for which he had to pay $25 expressage. It contained a manuscript play and a letter from the fair author requesting Scott to read and correct her work, write a prologue and an epilogue, arrange for its production at Drury Lane and negotiate with a publisher for the copyright. That was bad enough, but worse was to follow. About a fortnight later arrived another mighty packet, charged with a similar postage. Scott, who had not grown wiser by experience, paid the charges and opened the parcel. Out came a duplicate copy of the play and a second letter from the authoress, stating that as the weather had been stormy and she feared something might have happened to her former manuscript she had thought it prudent to send him a duplicate.

How Centipedes Walk.

An eminent authority has investigated the peculiar wavy motion of centipedes and millepedes to determine the manner in which these animals manage to use their superabundant pedal extremities so gracefully and harmoniously. It has been found that the legs move in groups or waves, each wave including a definite number of legs. The number of waves included in the length of the body is constant for each species. In millepedes the waves of each side are synchronous. In centipedes they are symmetrically alternate, giving rise to beautifully accordant movements. The difference may be explained by suggesting that the millepede moves like a pacing horse, the centipede like a trotter.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Pleasant Surprise.

A young man in Indianapolis felt his heart sink as he pulled from his mail box a letter of the wedding invitation type. That was the fifth he had received this season, and he had begun to wonder whether he had any friends left in the single state.

"Another five dollar bill busted to smash," he mourned.

Then he opened the envelope. But it was only the announcement of a wedding that had taken place the week before. And he found in the same cover a check for $5.

It was then that he recalled a bet made with a friend years before. The conditions were that the one first married should pay the other $5.—Indianapolis News.

And Upside Down at That.

"Where does this train stop next?" asked the nervous traveler on an uncertain railway.

"Well, boss," replied the porter, "dar's three washouts an' some bad track right along here, an' she's liable to stop mos' any place mos' any minute."—Washington Star.

Experienced.

"That trained nurse is quite remarkable. She made a man I know cough up a brass tack at the hospital."

"That's nothing to what she can do. She made the young doctor she's engaged to cough up a diamond ring."—Baltimore American.

Diplomatic.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?

Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.—Exchange.

A Kitchen Jar.

Lady—Susan, I've come down to help you. Servant—I'd much rather you didn't, please, mum. I'm very busy today.

TWO FORTUNES

Both Came Suddenly to the Same Person and One Was Many Millions

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Why should we read fairy stories with marvelous happenings when there are such occurring in real life? The imagination is not capable of creating the possibilities that occasionally occur among persons who are made of flesh and blood and have souls. What imagination a century ago in a long stilling Illinoisian could detect the leader of the greatest political crisis the world has ever known? And in the acquisition of wealth, what more wonderful development in fancy than the story of a real Mexican peon who came into an income of $10,000,000 a year?

In a town of northern Mexico, in an adobe house lived an old man, Pedro Alvarado by name, a peon, who, with his Indian wife, worked and saved till he had accumulated $100. With the money the couple bought a piece of land on the top of a rocky hill near by the town in which they lived.

Why they put their hard earned savings in this barren and not very accessible summit and continued to save and to pay $10 a year taxes on it when they needed the very necessaries of life is not known. It is possible that the wife, having been an Indian, had heard a tradition handed down from her forefathers that there was a treasure buried there.

Be this as it may, there must have been some reason for the old couple putting all their money in a barren rock, and this view is borne out by the fact that old Alvarado, having willed his purchase to his son and three neighbors, called upon the former to swear that he would never part with his interest in it. When we remember that this legacy bequeathed to young Pedro was supposed to be worth but $25 we cannot but assume that his father must have had an inkling that its value was much greater.

After the old couple died the summit of the barren rock was not divided among the heirs, but kept as one property. Then came men who believed that there might be silver under the rock. They had plenty of money and were ready to risk it in an investigation. They offered the heirs a large sum for the property, and Pedro's cousins were willing and anxious to sell. But Pedro, true to his oath, refused to part with his share. In vain the others begged him not to stand in their way of taking advantage of the offer. Pedro stood firm. But after awhile a friend loaned him the money to buy out his cousins' interest and make the investigation as to what the property contained.

One day men began to work on the top of the hill with pick and shovel. A month passed and nothing but ordinary earth and rock was displaced. The cousins came to see and jeered at Pedro for a fool. But Pedro had been loaned sufficient money to pursue his investigations to the end and worked on. Another month passed and yet another with the same result. Then one day in a twinkling all was changed. A vein was struck indicating that the Palmilla mine, as it was called, was the richest silver mine that had ever been opened.

And now this story takes on a wonderful change. Pedro Alvarado, son of a Mexican peon father and an Indian mother, heir to a beggarly estate supposed to be worth but $25, suddenly springs into an income of $30,000 a day. The fairy waves her wand and the adobe hut in which Pedro was born is changed into a sumptuous palace furnished from the manufactories of the old world. Money without limit is given away, thrown away. Whatever the silver king fancies he buys. Those in his employ are loaded with luxuries.

It seems to be the desire of all men to live in a palace, for all men who acquire immense fortunes build such structures to live in. Nevertheless their abodes are typical of their origin. Pedro built his palace, and when he got it finished and furnished it was wonderful to behold, especially in the latter respect. The furniture all came from abroad. The most costly bedsteads, chairs and cabinets were shipped from Paris; rugs came from the orient, and Pedro, instead of walking on the wooden floor—or, more likely, the dirt floor—to which he had been accustomed, sank in the soft substances manufactured by Persian workmen.

But the most curious freak of this suddenly enriched man was a mania for pianos. His palace was filled with them. They, too, came from those factories where the most skilled workmen were employed in their building, and their mechanism was encased in the most costly woods, often beautifully inlaid. They were in his parlors, in his living rooms, bedrooms—anywhere, everywhere where there was room for them, and room in Pedro's palace was abundant.

Singularly enough but one selfish motive guides this suddenly enriched man. The rest are all altruistic. He is besieged by persons eager to buy his mine, or if they cannot do that at least a part of it. By selling and permitting educated business men to work it the income could be greatly increased. But no argument, no amount of cajoling, could move the man who had sworn he would not sell.

Then it was represented to him that by certain simple business reforms he might himself make his mine pay more largely. All the ore taken from it was carried down the hill on mules. Why not build a little railroad for the purpose, which could be operated at much less expense? "But what would those do who now make their living by driving the mules?" asked Pedro. The simple business scheme is refused. Wastefulness continues. The owner's employees draw immense salaries, and how much they steal besides does not appear, except in the opulent manner in which they live.

Will the mine always stand this waste, this drain? Will there not come a day when the vein will run out? And then? Well, then the silver king and those who are sucking his wealth will collapse.

Among them all there is one who foresees such a result. Pedro's wife had drudged as a peon until the mine was opened. She remembered that part of her life and had no desire to return to it. Why not from this river of wealth on which they were floating turn aside something to support them in case the fountain should dry up?

And so she did. Instead of putting away a few copper coins at a time as her father-in-law had done with which to buy his rock, she took $1,000 bills and hid them. For years she stored away these bills. No one knew that they were being hidden, no one knew their hiding place. The waste, the extravagance, the money sucking by employees, relations, dependents continued, but every now and again the former peon woman hid away a thousand dollar bill.

True enough, what Senora Alvarado foresaw at last came about. The earth taken out of the mine became less rich. Instead of producing $30,000 a day it produced but a few hundred dollars to the ton. All it was worth must be paid to those who carried it from the mine into the valley and for getting the silver out of it. Pedro had seen his fortune loom up almost in a night; now he saw it sinking rapidly away. Then to crown his loss water appeared in his mine.

Water is the great danger, the great trouble when it comes, in mining. Tunnels must be built, offensive pumps must be put in, either one or both. Pedro had but one business idea in his head. That was to hold on to his property. But now even that idea had ceased to be practicable. His mine was no longer valuable unless worked on business principles, and Pedro was not a business man.

Since there had been nothing put away, so there was nothing when the end came. The man who had given away and wasted millions now found himself unable to give or waste any longer. It was the old story of the fairy who had raised palaces and other luxuries for the pauper, by muttering another incantation caused them to vanish.

Then Senora Alvarado, who had been tucking away thousand dollar bills very conveniently, died. In distributing her effects a maid who had been a long while in her service was asked if there was anything that had belonged to her mistress she would like to have. She said there was an old quilt the senora had always used which it would gratify her to possess. The beloved woman had slept under it for many years and would never let it go out of her own keeping. Surely this would be a treasured souvenir.

But Pedro remonstrated against the faithful servitor having nothing but an old quilt much worn and not over clean. He urged the maid to name something of greater value. She, however, clung to the quilt and would not be comforted without this article so intimately associated with her mistress.

Now, Pedro was aware that his wife had not sympathized with him in his extravagance; indeed, she had repeatedly warned him that he would come to grief by it. Knowing this he wondered if the good woman had not put something away for a rainy day. The eagerness of the maid to possess the quilt caused him to suspect that something might be hidden in it. Instead of giving it he began to rip it. Out came a thousand dollar bill. Ripping on he found another, and so, as Pedro had grown fabulously rich overnight in finding silver under a rock, he now gained a fortune in an old quilt. He took out 800 thousand dollar bills—quite enough to soothe him for the running out of his mine and to enable him to live handsomely for the rest of his days.

Pedro Alvarado yielding to the inevitable turned over his mine to others. Some Americans are the new owners and are working it on modern principles. Meanwhile the owner lives on the income of the 800 one-thousand-dollar bills that were successively saved up by his more farseeing wife in the old quilt through a long term of years.

There is an unexplained feature in this story that, appealing as it does to the curiosity, is the most important part of it. Why did the senior Alvarado put all the little money he had in the rock that covered the mine, and why did he pledge his son under oath not to sell it? The only possible solution seems to be that some Spaniards years ago prospected in the region and from the trend of veins of silver found suspected that the top of the hill in question contained the same metal. This may have been known to the Indians and been handed down from one generation to another. That the hill contained the immense treasure that Pedro junior discovered no one could have known. This must of necessity be one of the remarkable freaks of fate.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 499.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

THE BEST

DRUGS, MEDICINES, RUBBER GOODS, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY, PERFUMES, PLAYING CARDS SCORE CARDS, and FINE CANDY

AT LOWEST PRICES

A. B. ARMSTRONG

Drug Store

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies.

Age 21—$39.84 per thousand.
Age 35—$48.34 per thousand.
Age 50—$56.17 per thousand.

Ask for rates and guaranteed values.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society
"Strongest in the world"

C. A. BURDICK, Agt.

SMETHPORT PENN'A

ENGSTROM & OLSON
Jewelers.

Our line is complete in Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.

Special attention is given to Watch repairing and Engraving.

Engstrom & Olson

SMETHPORT, PA.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

BURNS LAMP DRY
WITHOUT MOVING WICK
The best oil, also the most economical oil—it costs no more than the tank wagon varieties and it gives not only better service but also more service—
FAMILY FAVORITE OIL
gives a clear, white, steady flame. Will not char, smoke or smell. Your dealer will serve it from original barrels direct from our refineries.
Waverly Oil Works Co.
INDEPENDENT REFINERS
Pittsburg, Pa.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

In the Driftwood

And the Mystery It Unfolds

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

It was just the sort of night something out of the ordinary might happen. The cottage was situated on the edge of a high bluff above the sea; sentinel pines guarded it on either side, and other plans, like a ragged company of soldiers, straggled down the slope to the yellow beach where the big waves crashed among the rocks.

Gerard Anson sat by the window long after the twilight had fallen, watching the coming of a long heralded storm, while his friend and companion occupied a huge chair before the fire.

Gerard Anson's face was marked by a happy carelessness that bespoke the man of leisure with means to gratify all the whims of a variable personality. He had been the owner of Captain Jack's last ship, the big schooner Antelope, which had mysteriously foundered in the West Indies five years before, with all hands lost save the captain and first mate. Of course the loss of the schooner had been more of a sorrow to Captain Jack than it had to Gerard Anson, for the latter had money wherewith to build other boats, and he had desired that his friend should take the command of a larger and newer one, but the senior had declined with emphasis.

"When the mystery of the Antelope has been cleared up, Gerard," he always insisted, "then I may go to sea again. In the meantime my berth is the harbormaster's department is all that I deserve."

They had been spending several days in this cottage of Gerard's, perched on the North Carolina coast.

"If you stick to your determination never to take another command until the mystery of the Antelope has been cleared I'm afraid you're doomed to remain a landsman to the end of your days," prophesied Gerard after they had listened to the beating of the rain for awhile in silence.

"DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS IS PART OF THE ANTELOPE?"

"You wouldn't blame me if you were in the same fix as I am," retorted Captain Jack, refilling his pipe.

"How can you prove it, old man? You don't know yourself what happened to the Antelope."

"I know she sank under me without five minutes' warning—went down in a glassy sea under a full moon's rays, Fleck and I had barely time to jump and swim beyond the suction she made in going down. If it hadn't been that one of the small boats got adrift and bumped into us I wouldn't be here tonight telling you this old yarn for the hundredth time."

"I like to hear it, Jack."

"You know Fleck sprang to the pumps the first thing, but she was dry as a bone. It was more as if she was being pulled down by some gigantic force. You know the man at the wheel and the watch had disappeared entirely when we reached the deck, and before we had time to get the rest of the men out of the fo'cas'le she was drawn under and we had to jump for our lives."

"And you won't take command of the Petrel? You know you can have a third interest in her at your own price, and she will be a gold mine to us in the fruit trade. It isn't because she's a steamer instead of a sailing vessel, is it?"

"No, no. It's merely because I can't trust myself to take command of any vessel until I am assured that the fate of the Antelope and the unfortunate men of my crew are not the result of my own negligence."

"Your own word, without that of Fleck's, is sufficient for me, Jack, and you know that your testimony as well as his has fully satisfied the board of inquiry that you are blameless."

"I want to be satisfied myself; until then I will not have the nerve to take command of the sqaurest scow that ever cleared from any port," said Captain Jack decisively.

"Of course I know you're right, Jack, but it's a blamed shame, because the mystery of the Antelope will never be cleared up."

Captain Jack made no reply. He poked at the crumbling embers on the hearth and drew them together in a glowing pyramid. "Got any more wood, Gerard?" he asked.

His host leaned to the ancient sea chest which served as a wood box and threw back the lid. A salty odor issued from the recesses of the chest. "Here's some driftwood that Peters has picked up. I've been saving it for just such a night as this. It isn't so old as some of the stuff he brings in, but I guess it's water soaked enough to give us fireworks for awhile."

He tossed on several large timbers which in the dim glow of the embers were quite indistinguishable as to shape.

First the smoke drew up in thin spirals that grew heavier and suddenly burst into a broad yellow flame that turned to orange and blue and green and then became a mystic rainbow of fantastically writhing color. The salt sizzled as the fire gripped into the wood and shot up little electric sparks of light that died before they reached the chimney's throat. The wood creaked as it warped from the scorching touch, and a loosened iron bolt fell rattling to the hearthstone. The burning wood settled anew, and as the flames mounted higher Captain Jack leaned forward and pointed a shaking finger at the fire.

"Look, Gerard," he said hoarsely. "What is that?"

Gerard Anson stared with fascinated eyes at the thing that appeared in the fire. The keel of a broken bowsprit with one splintered plank thrust forth as it had been torn from the bow of a vessel. The paint had burned from the plank, but there remained imbedded in the wood several copper letters covered with verdigris and undoubtedly forming the terminal of the ill fated ship's name.

"E-l-o-p-e," spelled Gerard slowly, and then, as if the meaning of the word suddenly burst upon his bewildered senses, he asked, "Good heavens, Jack, do you—do you suppose this is part of the Antelope?" He laughed sheepishly even as he asked the question.

"Of course it's the Antelope," returned Captain Jack with quick composure. "See that little pointed thing that's flaming now?" That's one horn of the little head that formed the figurehead of my boat."

As the wonder of the strange happening grew upon them they sat very silent. Who could call it a common occurrence that a broken portion of Captain Jack's schooner, lost in the West Indies five years before, should have washed upon the strip of beach that belonged to her owner and should burn there on the hearth now, a flaming proof of her destruction?

"I don't wonder sailors are superstitious," said Gerard after a long time. "The sea is a fickle mistress, for sure"—

But he was doomed never to complete the sentence, for at that moment the burning wood stirred strangely in the fire and the copper letters burned at a white heat. A broad sheet of flame seemed to stand motionless as a background for a curious picture.

Blue flames shot its upper edge and became a tropical midnight sky powdered with golden stars; green fire ran across the flame and became a placid sea tinged with moonlight. On the green sea there rested the graceful outlines of a six masted schooner, one of the largest and fleetest of her kind. Her canvas hung motionless, for there appeared to be no wind. There were pygmy forms of men on deck—one at the wheel and others grouped near by.

Suddenly the pygmy men ran to and fro as if frantic with fear; something long and sinuous swept the deck, and when it vanished the men were gone. Then other long, sinuous, shadowy objects appeared at intervals about the vessel's rails. Her sails quivered as if by some sudden shock. Out from the companionway there tumbled two other pigmy men, who glanced aloft and then ran to the forecastle hatch and pounded lustily. As if impelled by some intense fear that did not take shape in that beautiful moonlit night the men ran to the pumps and sawed away.

The vessel seemed to settle in the water as if she was dragged down by invisible hands. The two men on the boat suddenly deserted the pumps and leaped into the sea just as the beautiful schooner slowly careened, then straightened, dipped her bow and went down in a seething white foam of bubbles. The bubbles spread away, and there remained the green, placid sea on which bobbed a little boat and in it two pygmy men. Then all at once the scene disappeared, and there was the fireplace with its charred embers of the lost Antelope. The driftwood had told its story; the fate of the schooner was a secret no more.

The spell of silence which had rested upon the two men was broken by Captain Jack's excited cry. "Did you see it, Gerard?" he gasped. "Did you see it?"

Gerard nodded. "I saw something, Jack. You will laugh if I tell you what I saw—you won't believe me."

"I'll believe you never fear. You don't mean the picture in the flame—of course you saw that?"

"No, I don't mean that, Jack; I mean the thing that pulled the Antelope and the crew down to their deaths; I mean the proof of your ability to take command of the Petrel next month," said his friend calmly.

Captain Jack Bernard uttered a relieved sigh. "I was afraid it was an optical illusion on my own part," he muttered. "I saw it, but scarcely believed, and nobody else in the world will believe us if we tell them that an enormous devilfish pulled a six masted schooner to the bottom of the sea."

"Let us keep our own secret, then, as the sea has the reputation of keeping hers," said Gerard.

"She didn't keep this one," said the Antelope's captain as the last crumbling ash of his schooner faded into nothingness.

DEATH BY FALLING.

Pain and Fear Seem to Have No Place in the Ordeal.

It is difficult to imagine a more horrible accident than falling with an airship, yet in the opinion of a German psychologist, Fritz Kahn, death resulting from such a fall is not exceptionally painful, says the New York Evening Post. He argues that it is likely to be met in a state of indifference or even an agreeable half conscious condition of mind. He witnessed the fall of Heim—a fall which lasted a number of seconds, as the airship fluttered to and fro like a piece of paper before the final descent. The distance was about eighty yards. On recovering consciousness after several days Heim remembered only the ascent. Everything between that and his awakening in the hospital was a blank.

Mountain climbers have had similar experiences. A French geologist who fell over a precipice attests that he swooned and never knew what happened. Whymper, on the other hand, remained fully conscious when he fell on the Matterhorn. Bounding from rock to rock, he calculated the intervals between the shocks, wondered how long he could stand it, felt no pain and came to the conclusion that death through a fall must be one of the least disagreeable ways of ending one's life. A boy of eight who fell twenty-two yards declared that he only thought was that he might lose his new pocketknife.

At a meeting of the Swiss Alpine club the geologist Heim described his feelings during a fall. His first thought was that now he would be unable to deliver the address he had promised; then he thought of the effect on his family of the news of his death. He wanted to take off his spectacles to save his eyes from being damaged by broken glass. Various scenes from his past life flitted across his consciousness in rapid succession. There was no fear, no pain, but rather an agreeable state of mind, like that which is brought on by soft music.

RADIUM RAYS.

Their Velocity the Highest Known Speed of Matter In Motion.

The earth travels in its orbit round the sun nineteen miles a second. The sun itself, like all the other stars, has its own proper motion through space. Some authorities have calculated its speed at twelve miles a second. A few stars move more slowly than this, others much more rapidly. Arcturus maintains a speed of not less than 164 miles a second, and the star called "Groombridge 1830" travels 150 miles in the same brief time.

But the speeds of the heavenly bodies are slow compared with the velocities of the tiniest known particles of matter. The sun would seem to stand still could we compare its velocity with that of the radium "rays." These radiations are produced by successive explosions of tiny groups of the tiny atoms of radium. The "alpha rays," being themselves infinitesimal fragments of matter, are thrown out with a velocity of perhaps 12,000 miles a second. The "beta rays" travel still faster.

In the emanations of this wonderful radium we find the highest known speed of matter in motion. At 12,000 miles a second it would take little more than two seconds for a particle of matter to travel all the way round the earth. Look at your watch and note the duration of two seconds; then imagine that in a chariot drawn by "alpha rays" you have been round the world. There is hardly time in two seconds for you to think the journey.

The highest measured speed, however, is not the speed of matter, but the speed of that etheric vibration which we call light. And light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.—Youth's Companion.

"The Thunderer."

It was the mud flinging of an earlier mode of travel than the motorbus that gave the London Times its nickname of "The Thunderer." Two ladies at Kew had been splashed by an unmannerly horseman passing them too closely, and the Times came out with a strong leader alleging the offender to have been the Duke of Cumberland. In due course it was found that the horseman was not the duke, and in a further article by way of apology the Times used the words "We thundered out," an expression that so tickled the public that the name of "Thunderer" was bestowed on the paper forthwith.

A Notable Statue.

In the beautiful city of Buenos Aires is perhaps the only statue in the world erected by white men to a negro. This is the statue of Falucho, a negro soldier who refused to haul down the Argentine flag at the bidding of the Spanish soldiery during the first Argentine revolution and was shot down by the Spanish.

The Last Word.

"What's the first word in the dictionary?" asked the student.

"The article 'a,' of course," replied Mr. Growcher.

"And what's the last word?"

"Ask my wife. She's an expert on the subject."—Washington Star.

His Chief Anxiety.

Defendant's Wife—Don't worry, dear. The judge's charge was certainly in your favor. Defendant (moodily)—I know that. It's the lawyer's charge that I'm thinking about.—Boston Transcript.

No life is so strong and complete but it yearns for the smile of a friend.—Wallace Bruce.

Married Women's Names.

In England and in the United States a woman loses her identity in marriage. In Belgium and Spain the husband adds the name of his wife to his own. In the United States women sometimes retain the family name, as Mrs. Harriet (Beecher) Stowe. In the Channel islands the woman never loses her maiden name. In Spain the children write the names of both parents, as Llarena y Monterverde. In "Don Quixote" is the following: "Chanjo was my father's name, and I, for being the wife of Sancho Panza, am called Teresa Panza, but by good right they ought to call me Teresa Cascajo." In Scotland both names are preserved, and the woman is always known by her maiden name. In Wales it is the custom to describe the woman by her maiden name. The fact that a woman on becoming the wife of a man loses her identity is apparent in many portions of the Bible, when under the ancient custom man, on taking a wife, declared that she became "flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood," thereby establishing the old time saying that man and wife are one.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Tyranny of the Tip.

There have always been those who have revolted against the tyranny of the tip. So long ago as October, 1705, we find that ubiquitous personage, "Constant Reader," venting his grievances in the columns of the London Times. "If a man who has a horse puts up at an inn," he complains, "besides the usual bill he must at least give 1s. to the waiter, 6d. to the chambermaid, 6d. to the hostler and 6d. to the jackboot, making together 2s. 6d. At breakfast you must give at least 6d. between the waiter and hostler. If the traveler only puts up to have a refreshment, besides paying for his horses' standing he must give 3d. to the hostler; at dinner 6d. to the waiter and 3d. to the hostler; at tea 6d. between them; so that he gives away in the day 2s. 6d.; which, added to the 2s. 6d. for the night, makes 5s. per day on an average to the servants." They did the thing pretty thoroughly in those days.

A Millionaire.

The term "millionaire" is of international use, but it does not mean the same thing in the mouths of different nations. To every one it means the possession of a million, but not necessarily a million dollars. In Great Britain a millionaire has a million pounds, or nearly $5,000,000, while in France they count francs, so that there a millionaire is a comparatively poor individual with but $200,000 to bless himself with. Millionaires are quite common in Prussia, but a million marks don't mean much these days, amounting to a trifle of $250,000 in our money. For millionaires of real class it is necessary to go back to old Babylon. The Babylonian millionaire had 1,000,000 talents and would not be regarded as a poor man even by a Wall street office boy. A talent was about $2,000, and a million of them would be $2,000,000,000.

A Triple Play.

It was at the end of the ninth inning. Yet, though the home team was two runs to the good, things looked black for them.

The visitors were at bat. There were no outs, and three men were on bases; also Terrible Terry Tomkins was up, and Terry's batting average reached the clouds.

Terry bunched his shoulders and waited confidently, and a groan went up from the bleachers.

The ball flew in three pieces, and the pieces flew in three directions. One was caught by the pitcher, one was pulled out of the air by the shortstop, and one landed in the first baseman's mitt. A triple play! The game was the home team's.

The bleachers went wild.—Philadelphia Times.

Breaking It Gently.

"I have called, sir, to see the photo of the lady with $25,000 who wants a husband."

"Can you keep your face straight?"

"Of course I can."

"Very well. We'll break you in first with the $5,000 applicants, and then gradually, as you grow stronger, we will work you up to the big prize. This way, please, and don't get frightened."—Exchange.

Dinner Among the Romans.

The Romans in the time of Cicero and Augustus took an early breakfast, from 3 to 4 in the morning; a luncheon at 12 or 1, and at about 3 o'clock the coena, or principal meal of the day, corresponding with our dinner. Concurrently we read of some not dining until sunset.

Early Morning Talks.

He is always doing something that causes a lot of talk."

"Why, I never heard any of it."

"He is the only one who hears it. He is always staying out at night later than his wife wishes him to."—Houston Post.

A Scheme.

Youthful Inquirer—Father, what is a scheme? Perplexed Parent—I can't exactly define it, my boy, but it is something which will fall through quicker than anything else on earth.

Coming.

First Graduate—I hear that you've got a job on the road. Second Ditto—Yes; it hasn't reached me yet.—Exchange.

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. — Hawthorne.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheta.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Soutar, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles B. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Harrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. X. Brawley, Smethport.
Recorder—B. M. Cheney, Smethport.
Register—J. S. Cowan, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Addis, Bradford; W. G. Holden, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clarabel; A. E. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayes.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—E. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. K. Heath, President; F. P. Glover, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Deuning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. B. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Ruble.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, W. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 326, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDEN, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 275, meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
I. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

I. O. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

O. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 28, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
I. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGovern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30. Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 4 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Degnan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING
— AND —
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASS
SMETHPORT, PA.

McCall's Magazine and McCall Patterns
For Women

Have More Friends than any other magazine or patterns. McCall's is the reliable Fashion Guide monthly in one million one hundred thousand homes. Besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and helpful information for women.

Save Money and Keep in Style by subscribing for McCall's Magazine at once. Costs only 50 cents a year, including any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns free.

McCall Patterns Lead all others in style, fit, simplicity, economy and number sold. More dealers sell McCall Patterns than any other two makes combined. None higher than 15 cents. Buy from your dealer, or by mail from

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
236-246 W. 37th St., New York City

Free—Sample Copy, Premium Catalogue and Pattern Catalogue free, on request.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SMATTUCK.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Mookin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

W. H. HOULTON
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. MAYO & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Office in Grange Bank Building, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, Notary Public.

Thomas H. Morrison.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - Penna
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burt Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

J. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at Residence at corner of King and Washington streets.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and Residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - - PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Dr. Ellis is comparatively a new man on the lecture platform but his lecture is certainly the best that we have ever heard on this or a kindred subject. The boys have a friendly advocate in Dr. Ellis. His talk is full of warm-hearted love for boyhood, and many who heard him have received new ideas of the importance and possibilities of the boys of our country.

Tuesday Morning.

Devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Wm. E. Van Dyke in the use of the first Psalm and prayer.

Prof. Yoder, who has charge of the music of the Institute, led the singing and gave instruction.

Miss Patten next gave a helpful talk on "The Place and Purpose of Reading." Teachers all agree that reading is the most important subject taught in the schools because it is the key which opens the door to the great world of knowledge in books. Yet it is a lamentable fact that notwithstanding its importance, reading is so often poorly taught.

Vocal reading is getting and giving thought. The emphasis has always been placed on vocal reading in school, but the fact is that the excuse for teaching oral reading is that we may teach silent reading.

It is claimed that nine-tenths of the failures of pupils to solve problems in mathematics is due to being unable to read with wise understanding.

The reasons for failure to teach reading well are due to three things: Carelessness, lack of literary culture, lack of standards of criticism. The elocutionist may not be the best teacher of reading. The teacher who loves the great writers and is familiar with the largest number of the great writers of the world's literature is the one who is best fitted to teach reading. The first four years may be used in learning to read, after that it should be reading to learn.

Oral reading should teach correct diction, and the requisites are a wide-awake mind and a wide open mouth.

Reading should teach pupils to think with that nice understanding of the finer shades of meaning. It should give a genuine love for books. Teachers should take more time for the assignment of the lesson. The children are hungry for the knowledge that the teacher's wider range of reading and experience is able to throw upon the reading lesson. Valuable suggestions on criticism were given.

Dr. Ellis in the next period discussed "The Business of the Institute." In his talk he referred to the fact that the State of New York has done away with the County Institute, while Pennsylvania has increased its importance by increasing the amount of money paid for its perpetuation. Does it pay? The answer must be furnished by the teachers. The best teachers are those who get the greatest good from the Institute.

Dr. Ellis gave five negative functions of the Institute and emphasized the two positive functions—professionally suggestive and its effort to warm the sentiment of the community toward the school. Perhaps the reason that New York has abolished the Institute is that in that state the Institute was wholly professional in its teaching.

The speaker commended Supt. Lillibridge for so largely concentrating the work of this Institute on English, and recommended the study of History of Education to the teachers.

After recess Dr. Pearson addressed the high school teachers in the high school room and gave these six points as a basis for grading teachers: personality, leadership, scholarship, power of explanation, technique and discipline.

Tuesday Afternoon.

Dr. Pearson spent the first period this afternoon discussing the subject "The Safe Teacher."

Dr. Pearson's talks increase in interest and favor with the teachers. In this talk he emphasized these four qualifications of the ideal teacher: Sympathy, aspiration, fairness and efficiency. Some of the thoughts put into simple form in this talk were like this: Charles Dickens will be the great text book in psychology of the future. May we all pray that we may not degenerate into child crushers. The assignment of the lesson is one of the most important parts of the teacher's work. The gods make room upon the hills sublime only for those who have the will to climb. A man's reach must exceed his grasp else what's Heaven for.—Browning.

Just before recess the annual election of officers for the McKean County Teachers' Association was held.

The report of the secretary-treasurer of the Association showed the following receipts during the past year: From Smethport Association, $2.80; from Kane association, $3.85; from former secretary-treasurer, $13.10; total funds on hand to be turned over to the new secretary-treasurer, $19.75.

The following officers were elected: President, Stanley Bright, of Smethport; secretary-treasurer, Miss Carrie A. Day, of Smethport; auditors, H. J. Baldwin of Kane, and Geo. B. Whitehill of Hazelhurst.

The last period on Tuesday was occupied by Dr. Ellis, who gave his lecture on Horace Mann. It was an excellent talk and all the teachers were made to feel the debt we owe to Horace Mann, the educator.

Tuesday Evening.

On Tuesday evening the graduates and former students of the Clarion State Normal School who are teaching in McKean county held their annual reunion in the assembly room of the parish house of St. Luke's Episcopal church.

Forty-nine Clarionites and their guests were present, and it was perhaps the most enjoyable and successful reunion they have held in the county. They were banqueted by the Ladies' Guild of the church and an excellent dinner was served.

At the business meeting, presided over by Geo. B. Whitehill of Hazelhurst, the following officers of the Association were elected for the coming year: President, D. W. Morrison of Mt. Jewett; secretary, Miss Harding of Kane.

Dr. J. George Becht, principal of the Clarion State Normal School, met with the Association and brought cheerful greetings from the school to its faithful adherents in McKean county. Happy addresses were also made by Supt. Lillibridge, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Pearson and Dr. Ellis.

The reading of Walter Brown's great modern drama, "Every Woman," by Miss Cora Mef Patten was heartily enjoyed by a large audience on Tuesday evening. The drama in our judgment teaches great moral psychological truths. It was rendered in a most charming manner by Miss Patten.

Before the reading, Prof. Yoder and Miss Irma Wells sang solos. It required only these to render the entertainment a complete success.

Wednesday Morning.

Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. John Booth of the Smethport Baptist church.

Prof. Yoder gave instruction in music. The Institute is especially fortunate in its music instructor. Prof. Yoder's work puts life and energy into every exercise and the teachers are getting lots of material that will help them in their daily work. He is ably assisted in his work by Miss Wells, who is pianist.

Dr. Pearson in his first talk to-day asked that four things may be the heritage of every boy when he leaves school:

1. Every boy should have the ability to make wise choices.
2. Every boy should be patriotic.
3. Every boy should know the essence of Democracy.
4. Every boy should be filled with that unconquerable soul.

Miss Patten continued her talk on "Literature in the Public School." It is only about forty years since literature was introduced and taught as such in our public schools.

We should read the best literature first from a sense of duty and it will become a delight. We read for social culture. We read to know the history of the past.

The interpretation of a piece of literature depends upon analysis. There is no better preparation for the interpretation of literature than careful study of English grammar with special attention to analysis of the sentence.

After recess the Institute met in three sections. The high school teachers were addressed by Dr. Ellis on High School Literature. His talk fitted naturally into the work presented by Miss Patten in the previous hour.

Dr. Ellis lamented the fact that place is not found in the high school for technical grammar and declared that literature as he understands the study ought not to wait for the high school. The foundation for literature is laid in the nursery.

He called attention to DeQuincy's definition of literature, and its division into the two classes: the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The literature of power is the literature that abides; the essence of literature is spiritual; the study of literature has been over intellectualized. It is often easier to understand and reach the heart of a literary product than it is to fathom the mysteries of the teacher's analysis of the piece.

Three things are essential for the appreciation of literature: A place of silence, a period of time, and a heart of youth. True reading involves the feelings and the imagination. The speaker emphasized the value of committing things worth while and recommended a book used for years in the Lancaster high school. The Lincoln Literary Collection, which can be purchased from the American Book Co.

Dr. J. George Becht of the Clarion State Normal School addressed the high school teachers for five minutes and emphasized by word and example the value of the former speaker's suggestions.

The McKean County Directors' Association met in the grand jury room at 10:30; a large attendance of directors is promised for to-day and Thursday and a good program will be carried out.

Wednesday Afternoon.

After the regular instruction in music Dr. Ellis gave his excellent lecture on Louis Agassiz. Dr. Ellis in a masterly manner outlined the life of this Swiss-American citizen who fulfilled his own prophecy and lived to be known as "an obedient son, a good citizen and the foremost naturalist of his time."

Prof. Bennet, who has the direction of the teaching of writing in the schools of the City of Pittsburgh, gave an helpful talk on the development of the "muscular movement" in writing. He showed that the process consists in teaching three things—to think, to control action, and the rhythm of action.

After recess, the directors who are attending the Directors' Association came into the Institute and were addressed by Dr. Pearson on "The Home and the School." Dr. Pearson divided his subject into three heads and spoke of the School Board, the School, and the Teacher, all in their relation to the Home.

Wednesday Evening.

The Dudley concert company was greeted by a large audience on Wednesday evening. This is one of the best concert companies on the road and their program gave excellent satisfaction.

FRUIT SOILS.

The relative value of limestone soil as compared with shaly and sandy soils for the purposes of fruit growing is often discussed. To an inquirer who writes asking whether limestone soil is best for growing apple and peach trees, H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., gives the following instructions:

"Replying to your letter asking if I would advise the planting of peach and apple trees in limestone soil in the Lebanon Valley, and using the land for general truck purposes, I beg to say that I would recommend this for the apple and pear, but I fear it would be too fertile to grow peach trees with the best results.

"Limestone will produce a very rank peach tree that will probably give more of its strength and energy to growth and not enough to bearing, and will not give fruits of the best color. Limestone soil is the best soil for apples and pears, while sandy or shaly soil is best for peach. Also, another point depends upon the elevation. If it is somewhat low in the valley so that there is little ready air drainage, it would not be so good for the peach. If it is elevated so that the cold air would readily drain off in one direction or another, it would be better. To answer your question in full one should see the entire condition."

BUSH HILL.

Cold weather!

Albert Sebring of Perrysville, N. Y., is spending a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Van Sickle.

Bernadine and Anna Gillen spent Sunday with their aunt, Mrs. Anna McKiernan.

We are sorry to say that Mrs. M. O'Rielly is not so well at this writing.

A number of people from this place attended Grange in Farmers Valley Saturday evening.

A load from Port Allegany attended the dance at this place Friday evening.

Grace Sebring and Katheryn Smith were visitors in Smethport Friday.

Some clever tricks were played by the young people of this place Tuesday evening, it being Hallowe'en.

CARRIE CLARK.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.

Baked Potatoes.

Doctors assert that baked potatoes are more nutritious than those cooked in any other way and that fried ones are the most difficult to digest.

Steam Engines.

There were three steam engines in use in the United States in 1763—one at a copper mine in Belleville, another at a sawmill in New York and a small one for grinding plaster in Philadelphia.

Japanese Landowners.

A landowner in Japan owns the surface and products of the surface of the land only. All minerals under the surface appertain not to him, but to the Japanese government.

Gold and Silver Coins.

Gold and silver coins were used in Egypt in 2000 B. C.

The Forlorn Hope.

On March 18, 1800, debtors in the New York city prison issued the first number of a paper entitled the Forlorn Hope.

Two Queer Metals.

Rhodium and ruthenium are metals of comparatively little practical use. The former occurs in platinum ore to the extent of 5 per cent. The latter is found only in osmiridium and averages about 5 per cent of that metal.

Old Time Magic.

In the sixteenth century magicians were burned alive in Spain and Italy for performances that now excite but little wonder.

FUNERAL TORTURE.

Ways of the Wives When a Borero Indian Dies.

On the death of a Borero Indian the wife tears out handfuls of her hair and throws it on his corpse, says a writer in the July Wide World Magazine. At intervals during the first day after his death she shakes him, as though wishing to bring him back to life, and kisses his cold brow. Her efforts being in vain, she retires, and the Baire approaches. He proclaims that the man has died for the sins he committed during his life. Then the relatives paint his body with "urucu," an ointment made out of the root of a wild tropical plant. Gorgeous feathers of the most varied hues are then strewn over him, and the corpse is wrapped up in a matting of straw. The moment before the burial the wives approach one after the other and cover his feet with the blood dropping from the wounds and gashes they have inflicted on their backs and arms.

This ceremony is followed by another. Three Indians appear dressed in the clothes—if the few rags they wear can be called thus—of the dead man and begin singing and dancing. In the meantime the corpse is carried to the "Bahyto," a huge mound in the center of the colony, and should the dancing and singing Indians become tired before it is reached three others take their places. The body lies on the mound three days. Then the Baire goes to the mound and, seating himself at the foot of the dead man, is supposed to receive his soul in keeping.

THE BRAIN IN SLEEP.

Changes in the Volume of Blood Circulation When We Dream.

Dreams are due to an increase of sensation and circulation over that which exists in profound sleep. Observations made upon patients with cranial defects show that when we are dreaming the brain is greater in volume than in deep sleep and less than when we are awake. Thus this intermediate volume of blood would indicate that dreams are an intermediate stage between unconsciousness and wakefulness, and their incomplete and irregular intelligence would indicate the same thing. This increased circulation is usually due to sensory stimulation affecting the vasomotor center and causing a return of blood to the head, with resultant increased consciousness.

Contrary to popular belief, dreams in themselves do not contribute to light or broken sleep in which they are present. Such a condition is due to the ever present stimuli, which according to their strength or the degree of irritability of the cells, maintain even in sleep a varying degree of consciousness of which the dreams are merely a manifestation. Therefore the fatiguing effect often also attributed to dreams is not due to them, but to the lighter degree of sleep and less complete cell restoration which they accompany and which are due to some irritation.—Atlantic.

A Painful Mistake.

Bitter experience is a wonderful teacher. No doubt the young lady of whom London Ideas tells had often been told that she ought to wear glasses, but had neglected or refused to do so.

There was a most determined look in her eye, however, as she marched into the optician's shop.

"I want a pair of glasses immediately," she said, "good, strong ones. I won't be without them for another day!"

"Good, strong ones?"

"Yes, please. I was out in the country yesterday, and I made a very painful blunder, which I have no wish to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook an entire stranger for an old friend, perhaps?"

"No, nothing of the sort. I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

Life In Persian Oases.

Dr. Sven Hedin, describing his overland journey to India across the Persian desert, gives a graphic account of the oases where his party occasionally camped under palm trees. There the singing birds which twitter during the day are silent at night, but the "song of the desert" is continued during the hours of darkness by the melancholy serenade of the jackals. These oases are infested by three objectionable and dangerous inhabitants—a deadly snake, black and white scorpions and a poisonous tarantula spider, which, although it lives out in the desert, is attracted to the oases by the light of the campfires.

Her Self Sacrifice.

"She's awfully self sacrificing."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, she stayed at home from church Sunday to sit up with a sick woman."

"Huh! She isn't a regular churchgoer. I don't see anything self sacrificing in that."

"You don't? But, my dear, she had a new gown and a new hat that had just arrived Saturday night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Real Ingratitude.

"Republics are ungrateful," said the ready made philosopher.

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Chuggins. "but if you want a taste of real ingratitude take a party of friends out for an automobile ride and listen to their sarcastic remarks if you happen to break down."—Washington Star.

At the Literary Club.

"Maria, what was done at the meeting of your literary club last night?"

"We fined Mrs. Chillicon-Kearney $5 for accusing Mrs. Higgins of cheating at bridge."—Chicago Tribune.

POWER OF AN AUDIENCE.

Influence It Exerts Over an Actor or a Speaker.

No orator living was ever gifted enough to give out the same power and force and magnetism to an empty hall, to empty seats, that he could give to an audience capable of being fired by his theme.

In the presence of the audience lies a fascination, an indefinable magnetism, that stimulates all the mental faculties and acts as a tonic and vitalizer. An orator can say before an audience what he could not possibly have said previous to going on the platform, just as we can often say to a friend in animated conversation things which we could not possibly say when alone. As when two chemicals are united a new substance is formed from the combination which did not exist in either alone, the speaker feels surging through his brain the combined force of his audience, which he calls inspiration, a mighty power which did not exist in his own personality before he rose to his feet. No public speaker ever forgets that first surprising feeling of confidence.

Actors tell us that there is an indescribable inspiration which comes from the orchestra, the footlights, the audience, which it is impossible to feel at a cold mechanical rehearsal. There is something in a great sea of expectant faces which awakens the ambition and arouses the reserve of power which can never be felt except before an audience. The power was there just the same before, but it was not aroused.—Success Magazine.

A SOLEMN MOMENT.

When the Great Mail Steamer Was Stopped in Midocean.

The great steamship wavered; the screw revolved more slowly and gradually ceased to turn. There is something uncannily disquieting about an unmoving ship in the middle of the ocean, and for a few moments there were fearsome rumors among the second and third cabin passengers. The steerage, being nearer to the heart of things, understood what was going on.

The deck stewards went about explaining, and as they explained the passengers moved to points of vantage. Then all was very quiet—quiet even for the sea.

A man whom the first cabin passengers knew to be a famous bishop stepped down from among them. A heavy, clumsy, grewsome bundle was brought up. Over it the bishop, with bared and reverent head, intoned the service for those who are buried at sea. As the bishop spoke the words of committal, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up its dead," a door in the bulwarks was lifted for the bundle and let down again, the ship began to move sluggishly at first, then smoothly as was its wont, and the passengers went back to their games, their books and their lovemaking.

The greatest event in the dead stoker's career was over. He had stopped his majesty's mail.—Exchange.

One Way.

Wigwag—I never knew such a fellow as Bjones! He is always looking for trouble. Henpecke—Then why doesn't he get married?

KEELEY CURE

The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 32 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars. Only Keeley Institute in Western Penna. 4246 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six or article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the County of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and co-ordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such a manner as shall be provided by rules of the court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the County of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine, Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

A GOOD TALE

bears repeating—that is why we never get tired repeating that our goods always give enthusiastic satisfaction whether it be rare wines, high grade whiskies, gins, brandies or cordials. You always get the best that you can procure anywhere whether it be in imported or domestic goods.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

Wholesale Liquors,